

# HUDIBRAS.

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*The First and Second Parts.*

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Written in the time of the  
**Late Wars.**


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**CORRECTED & AMENDED,**

**WITH**

**Several Additions and Annotations.**

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**L O N D O N,**  
Printed by T. N. for *John Martyn* and *Henry*  
*Herringman*, at the *Bell* in *St. Pauls Churchyard*,  
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# HUDIBRAS.

## The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,  
The manner how he sully'd forth;  
His Arms and Equipage are shown;  
His Horse's Vertues; and his own.  
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

## CANTO I.

 Hen civil Fury first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

A 2

Whose

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
 Though not a man of them know wherefore :  
 When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded  
 With long-ear'd rout to Battel sounded,  
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,  
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :  
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,  
 And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was whose very sight wou'd  
 Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood* ;  
 That never bent his stubborn knee  
 To any thing but Chivalry,  
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
 Right Worshipful on Shoulder-blade :  
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,  
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant ;

Great

# CANTO II.

2

Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,  
That could as well bind o're, as swaddle:  
Mighty he was at both of these,  
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.  
( So some Rats of amphibious nature,  
Are either for the Land or Water.)  
But here our Authors make a doubt,  
Whether he were more wise, or stout:  
Some hold the one, and some the other:  
But howsoe'r they make a pother,  
The difference was so small, his Brain  
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain:  
Which made some take him for a Tool  
That Knaves do work with call'd a Fool,  
And offer to lay wagers, that  
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,  
Complains she thought him but an *Ass*,  
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.

(For that's the Name our valiant Knight  
To all his Challenges did write.)

But they'r mistaken very much,

'Tis plain enough he was no such.

We grant, although he had much wit,

H' was very shie of using it,

As being loath to wear it out,

And therefore bore it not about,

Unless on Holy-days, or so,

As Men their best Apparel do.

Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,

As naturally as Pigs squeek:

That *Latine* was no more difficile,

Then to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle,

Being rich in both he never scanted

His Bounty unto such as wanted;

But much of either would afford

To many that had not one word.

# CANTO I.

---

For *Hebrew* Roots, although th'are found  
To flourish most in barren ground,  
He had such plenty, as suffic'd  
To make some think him circumcis'd :  
And truly so perhaps, he was  
'Tis many a Pious Christians case.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,  
Profoundly skill'd in *Analytick*.  
He could distinguish, and divide  
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* side :  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute.  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.  
He'd prove a Buzard is no Fowl,  
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl ;

A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,  
And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Trustees*,  
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,  
And pay with Ratiocination.  
All this by Syllogism, true  
In Mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;  
And when he hapned to break off  
I'th middle of his speech, or cough,  
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,  
And tell what Rules he did it by.  
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,  
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.  
For all a Rhetoricians Rules  
Teach nothing but to name his Tools,

His

His ordinary Rate of Speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich,  
A *Babylonish* dialect,  
Which learned Pedants much affect.  
It was a parti-colour'd dress  
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:  
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,  
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.  
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,  
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.  
Which made some think when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;  
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce  
A Leash of Languages at once.  
This he as volubly would vent,  
As if his stock would ne'r be spent.  
And truly to support that charge  
He had supplies as vast and large;

For

For he could coyn or counterfeit  
New words with little or no wit:  
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
Was hard enough to touch them on.  
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.  
That had the Orator who once,  
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble stones  
When he harangu'd; but known his Phrase  
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater.  
Then *Tycho*, *Brabe*, or *Erra Pater*:  
For he by *Geometrick* scale  
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;  
Resolve by *Signes* and *Tangents* straight,  
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;

And



And wisely tell what hour o'th day  
The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*;  
And had read every Text and gloss over:  
What e're the crabbed'st Author hath  
He understood b' implicit Faith,  
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for;  
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:  
Knew more then forty of them do,  
As far as words and terms could go.  
All which he understood by Rote,  
And as occasion serv'd, would quote;  
No matter whether right or wrong:  
They might be either said or sung.  
His Notions fitted things so well,  
That which was which he could not tell;

But

But oftentimes mistook the one  
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.  
He could reduce all things to Acts  
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,  
Where Entity and Quiddity  
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies flie ;  
Where Truth in Person does appear,  
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.  
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high  
As *Metaphysick* wit can fly.  
In *School-Divinity* as able  
As he that hight *Irrefragables*  
Profound in all the Nominal  
And real ways beyond them all,  
And with as delicate a Hand  
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand.  
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull  
That's empty } when the Moon is full

Such

Such as take Lodgings in a Head  
That's to be lett unfurnished,  
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice:  
As if Divinity had catch'd  
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;  
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound  
And stab her self with doubts profound,  
Onely to shew with how small pain  
The sores of faith are cur'd again;  
Although by woful proof we find,  
They always leave a Scar behind.  
He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
Could tell in what degree it lies;  
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,  
Below the Moon, or else above it  
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride  
Came from her Closet in his side:

Whether

Whether the Devil tempted her  
 By a *High Dutch* Interpreter:  
 If either of them had a Navel;  
 Who first made Masick malleable:  
 Whether the Serpent at the fall  
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.  
 All this without a Gloss or Comment,  
 He would unriddle in a moment  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter  
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit  
 To match his Learning and his Wit:  
 'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,  
 For he was of that stubborn Crew  
 Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true Church *Militant*.

Such

Such as do build their Faith upon  
The holy Text of *Pike and Gun*;  
Decide all Controversies by  
Infallible *Artillery*;  
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox  
By Apostolick *Blows and Knocks*;  
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,  
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,  
Which always must be carry'd on,  
And still be doing, never done:  
As if Religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended,  
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies  
In odd perverse Antipathies;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss:  
More peevish, cross, and spleenatick.  
Then Dog distract, or Monky sick

That

That with more care keep Holy-day  
The wrong, then others the right way :  
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipp'd God for spight.  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for.  
Free-will they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow.  
All Piety consists therein  
In them, in other men all Sin.  
Rather then fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly,  
Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porridge*;  
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,  
And blaspheme *Custard* through the Nose.

Th'A-

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,  
Like *Mahomet's*, were As and Widgeon,  
To whom our Knight by fast instinct  
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt;  
As if Hypocrisy and Non-sence  
Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
We mean on th' inside, not the outward;  
That next of all we shall discuss;  
Then listen Sirs, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal grace  
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;  
In Cut and Dy so like a Tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile:  
The upper part thereof was Whey,  
The neither Orange mixt with Grey.

This hairy Meteor did denounce  
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;  
With grizly type did represent  
Declining Age of Government;  
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,  
Its own grave and the State's were made.  
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a Nation rue;  
Though it contributed its own fall,  
To wait upon the publick downfall.  
It was Canonick, and did grow  
In Holy Orders by strict vow;  
Of Rule as fullen and severe,  
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:  
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution  
And Martyrdome with resolution;  
T' oppose it self against the hate  
And vengeance of th' incensed State:



In whose defiance it was worn,  
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,  
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.  
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,  
As long as Monarchy should last.  
But when the State should hap to reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
And fall, as it was consecrate  
A Sacrifice to fall of State ;  
Whose thred of life the fatal Sisters  
Did twist together with its Whiskers,  
And twine so close, that time should never,  
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;  
But with his rusty Sickle mow  
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from  
The tawny part of Porter's Bum,  
Cut supplemental Noses, which  
Would last as long as Parent breech:  
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,  
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, show'd  
As if it stoop'd with its own load.  
For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire  
Upon his Shoulders through the Fire:  
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack  
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:  
Which now had almost got the Upper-  
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.  
To poize this equally, he bore  
A *Paunch* of the same bulk before:

Which

Which still he had a special care  
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;  
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,  
Such as a Countrey house affords;  
With other Victual, which anon  
We further shall dilate upon,  
When of his Hofe we come to treat,  
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,  
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,  
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;  
To old King *Harry* so well known,  
Some Writers held they were his own.

Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,  
And fat Black-puddings, proper food  
For Warriors that delight in Blood  
For, as we said, He always chose  
To carry Vittle in his Hose.  
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,  
The Ammunition to surprize :  
And when he put a Hand but in  
The one or th'other Magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood  
And from the wounded Foe drew bloud  
And till th' were storm'd, and beaten out  
Ne'r left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;  
And though Knights Errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because when thorough Deserts vast  
And Regions desolate they past,

Where

Where Belly-timber above ground  
Or under was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
Of their Provision on Record :  
Which made some confidently write,  
They had no stomachs, but to fight,  
'Tis false : for *Arthur* wore in Hall  
Round Table like a Farthingal,  
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before his good Knights din'd.  
Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,  
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose ;  
In which he carry'd as much meat  
As he and all his Knights could eat,  
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,  
They took their Breakfasts or their Nuncheons,  
But let that pass at present, lest  
We should forget where we digress ;

As Learned Authors use, to whom  
We leave it, and toth' purpose come,  
His puissant *Sword* unto his side  
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,  
With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.  
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,  
To shoot at Foes ; and sometimes Pullets,  
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,  
Hene'r gave quarter t' any such,  
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself, for lack  
Of some body to hew and hack.  
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,  
The Rancor of its Edge had felt :  
For of the lower end two handfull ;  
It had devouted 'twas so manfull ;

And

And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
As if it durst not shew its face.  
In many desperate Attempts,  
Of Wars, Exigents, Contempts,  
It had appear'd with Courage bolder  
Then Sergeant *Bum*, invading shoulder.  
Oft had it ta'ne possession,  
And Pris'ners too, or made them run,

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,  
That was but little for his age :  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.  
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging  
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,  
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were

To

To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the Earth  
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.  
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure,  
But left the Trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.

Inth' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,  
Two aged Pistols he did stow,  
Among the surplus of such meat  
As in his Hose he could not get.  
They were upon hard Duty still,  
And every night stood Sentinel,  
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hose  
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.

Thus



Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
From peaceful home set forth to fight;  
But first with nimble active force  
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*,  
For having but one stirrup ty'd  
T' his Saddle, on the further side,  
It was so short, h' had much ado  
To reach it with his desperate Toe.  
But after many strains and heaves,  
He got up to the Saddle eaves:  
From whence he vaulted into th' seat  
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold on Tail and Mane,  
Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn.

But

But now we talk of mounting Steed,  
Before we further do proceed,  
It doth behove us to say something,  
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.  
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With Mouth of meal and Eyes of Wall :  
I would say Eye, for h' had but one,  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.  
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended pace, then *Spaniard* whipt :  
And yet so fiery, he would bound,  
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :  
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
Was not by half so tender-hooft,  
Nor trode upon the ground so soft.

And

And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,  
(Some write) to take his Rider up:  
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)  
Would often do, to set him down.  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of Leather was upon his back:  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.  
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd  
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:  
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,  
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.  
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,  
Which on his Rider he would flurt  
Still as his tender side he prickt,  
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:  
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
As wisely knowing, could he stir

To

To active trot one side of's Horſe,  
The other would not hang an Arſe.

A *Squire* he had whoſe name was *Ralph*,  
That in th' adventure went his half.  
(Though Writers, for more ſtately tone,  
Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one :  
And when we can with Meeter ſafe,  
We'l call him ſo, if not plain *Raph*,  
For Rhime the Rudder is of Verſes,  
With which like Ships they ſteer their courſes.  
An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour  
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.  
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd  
With ſubtle ſhreds a Tract of Land,  
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair  
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir :

From

From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,  
Fam'd for their Faith and warlike Fights  
Against the bloudy Caniball,  
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.  
This sturdy Squire had as well  
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen hell,  
Not with a counterfeited Pass  
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-lace.  
His *Knowledge* was not far behind  
The Knight's, but of another kind,  
And he another way came by't,  
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New light*;  
A liberal Art, that costs no pains  
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.  
His wits were sent him for a Token,  
But in the Carriage crackt and broken,  
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt  
With to and from my Love, it lookt,

He

He ne'r consider'd it, as loath  
To look a Gift-Horse in the mouth ;  
And very wisely would lay forth  
No more upon it then 'twas worth:  
But as he got it freely, so  
He spent it frank and freely too:  
For Saints themselves will sometimes be  
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,  
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,  
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,  
As easily as thread a Needle ;  
For as of Vagabonds we say,  
That they are ne'r beside their way :  
Whate'r men speak by this *New Light*,  
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,  
Which none see by but those that bear it.

A Light that falls down from on high,  
 For Spiritual Trades to couden by:  
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,  
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,  
 To make them *dip* themselves, and sound  
 For Christendom in dirty pond;  
 To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,  
 And fish to catch Regeneration.  
 This Light inspires, and plays upon  
 The nose of Saint like Bag-pipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,  
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal Ear  
 But spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.  
 So *Phœbus* or some friendly Muse  
 Into small Poets song infuse;  
 Which they at second-hand reherse  
 Through Reed or Bag-pipe, verse for Verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,  
 As three or four-legg'd Oracle,  
 The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,  
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware:

For mystick Learning, wondrous able  
 In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as *Adam's* first green breches:  
 Deep-sighted in Intelligences,  
 Idea's, Atomes, Influences;  
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
 Th' Intelligible world could say;  
 A deep occult Philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,  
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound  
 And solid Lying much renown'd:

He



He *Anthroposophus*, and *Flond*,  
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood;  
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm:  
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,  
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.  
 He understood the speech of Birds  
 As well as they themselves do words:  
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean;  
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *walk*.  
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
 And keep them in a Glass, like water,  
 Of Sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;  
 For dropt in blere, thick-sighted Eies,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night,  
 Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.

By help of these (as he profest )  
He had *First Matter* seen undrest :  
He tooke her naked all alone,  
Before one Rag of *Form* was on,  
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,  
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:  
Not that of Past-board which men shew  
For Groats at Fair of *Bartholomew*;  
But its great Grandfire, first o' th' name,  
Whence that and *Reformation* came :  
Both Cousin-germans, and right able  
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.  
But *Reformation* was, some say,  
O' th' younger house to *Puppet-play*.  
He could foretell what's ever was  
By consequence to come to pass.  
As Death of Great men, Alterations,  
Diseases, Battels, Inundations.

All

All this without th' eclipse of Sun,  
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done  
By inward light, a way as good,  
And easy to be understood.

But with more lucky hit then those  
That use to make the Stars depose,  
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge  
Upon themselves what others forge:

As if they were consenting to

All mischief in the World men do :

Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em

To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'l search a Planet's house, to know

Who broke and robb'd a house below :

Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*

Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :

And though they nothing will confes,

Yet by their very looks can gues,

And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,  
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods,  
They'l question *Mars*, and by his look  
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:  
Make *Mercury* confels and peach  
Those Thieves which he himself did teach,  
They'l find i' th' Physiognomies  
O' th' Planets all mens destinies.  
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,  
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.  
Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,  
And from Positions to bequest on,  
As sure as if they knew the Moment  
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't,  
They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,  
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;  
And tell what *Crysis* does divine  
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;

In

In men what gives or cures the Itch,  
 What make them Cuckolds, poor or rich;  
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;  
 What makes men great, what fools or Knaves;  
 But not what wife, for onely of those  
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,  
 No more then can the Astrologians.  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.  
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took  
 The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd,  
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,  
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.  
 Their Arms and Equipage did fit,  
 As well as Vertues, parts, and wit.

Their Valours too were of a Rate,  
And out they sally'd at the Gate.  
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,  
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged,  
For they a sad Adventure met,  
Of which we now prepare to Treat :  
But e'r we venture to unfold  
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned Poets use,  
Invoke th' assistance of some *Muse* ;  
However Criticks count it sillier  
Then Juglers talking t'a Familiar.  
We think 'tis no great matter which,  
They're all alike , yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,  
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,  
And force them, though it were in spight  
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;  
Who, as we find in fullen Writs,  
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,  
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,  
The wonder of the Ignorant,  
The praises of the Author, penn'd  
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,  
The Itch of Picture in the Front,  
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,  
All that is left o' th' forked Hill  
To make men scribble without skill,  
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,  
And teach all People to translate;  
Though out of Languages in which  
They understand no Part of Speech:

Assist me but this once, I'mplere,  
 And I shall trouble thee no more.  
 In Western Clime there is a Town  
 To those that dwell therein well known;  
 Therefore there needs no more be said here.  
 We unto them refer our Readers  
 For brevity is very good,  
 When w' are, or are not understood.  
 To this Town People did repair  
 On days of Market or of Fair,  
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor  
 In merriment did drudge and labor:  
 But now a sport more formidable  
 Had rak'd together Village rabble.  
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,  
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*:



A bold advent'rous exercise;  
 With ancient *Hero's* in high prize;  
 For Authors do affirm it came  
 From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game  
 Others derive it from the *Bear*  
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,  
 And round about the Pole does make  
 A circle like a Bear at stake,  
 That at the Chain's end wheels about,  
 And over-turns the Rabble-rout,  
 For after solemn proclamation  
 In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,  
 According to the Law of Arms,  
 To keep men from inglorious harms)  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty foot of stake of Bear;  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;

If

If they come wounded off and lame,  
No honour's got by such a maim.  
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound  
In honor to make good his ground.  
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,  
If any press upon him, who 'tis,  
But let them know at their own cost  
That he intends to keep his post.  
This to prevent, and other harms,  
Which always wait on feats of Arms,  
(For in the hurry of a Fray  
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)  
Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,  
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;  
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe  
In Conscience and Commission too.

And

And therefore thus bespoke the Squire,

We that are wisely mounted higher

Then Constables, in Curule wit,

When on Tribunal bench we sit,

Like Speculators, should foresee,

From *Pharos* of Authority.

Portended Mischiefs farther then

Low Proletarian Tithing-men.

And therefore being inform'd by bruit,

That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;

For so of late men fighting name,

Because they often prove the same ;

( For where the first does hap to be,

The last does *coincidere* )

*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,

To save th' expence of Christian blood,

And

And try if we by Mediation  
 Of Treaty and accommodation  
 Can end the Quarrel, and compose  
 The bloody Duel without blows;  
 Are not our Liberties, our Lives,  
 The Laws, Religion, and our Wives  
 Enough at once to lye at stake,  
 For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* stake;  
 But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,  
 As well as we must venture theirs?  
 This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,  
 By *evil Counsel* is fomented,  
 There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,  
 ( Though ev'ry Nare *olfact* it not )  
 A deep design in't, to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 By setting Brother against Brother,  
 To claw and curry one another.

Have

Have we not enemies *plus satis*;  
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?  
And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
Upon our own selves; without cause?  
That some occult design doth lie  
In bloody *Cynar & muchy*,  
Is plain enough to him that knows  
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.  
I with my self a Pseudo-Prophet,  
But sure some mischief will come of it:  
Unless by providential wit  
Or force we averruncate it.  
For what design, what interest  
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?  
They fight for no espoused Cause,  
Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws;  
Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation;

Nor

Nor *Liberty of Consciences*,  
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;  
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,  
To get them in their own no Hands;  
Nor *evil Counsellors* to bring  
To Justice that seduce the King;  
Nor for the worship of us men,  
Though we have done as much for them:  
Th' *Egyptians* worshippd *Dogs*, and for  
Their faith made fierce and zealous War.  
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some  
For that Church suffer'd martyrdom;  
The *Indians* fought for the truth  
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's Tooth*:  
And many, to defend that faith,  
Fought it out *mordicus* to death.  
But no Beast ever was so slight,  
For Man, as for his God, to fight.

They

They have more wit, alas! and know  
Themselves and us better then so.  
But we, we onely do infuse  
The Rage in them like *Bonte-fens*.  
'Tis our example that instills  
In them th' infection of our ills,  
For, as some late Philosophers  
Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse  
With Man, take after him, as Hogs  
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.  
Just so by our example Cattle  
Learn to give one another Battel.  
We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,  
When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,  
They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,  
And then set Dogs about their Ears:  
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,  
The Point seems very plain to be.  
It is an Antichristian Game,  
Unlawful both in thing and name,  
First for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*  
Is carnal, and of man's creating :  
For certainly there's no such word  
In all the *Scripture* on record.  
Therefore unlawful and a sin,  
And so is ( secondly ) the *thing*.  
A vile *Assembly*'tis, that can  
No more be prov'd by Scripture than  
*Provincial, Classick, National* ;  
Mere humane Creature-Cobwebs all.  
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.  
For when men run a-whoring thus  
With their Inventions whatsoe'r  
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,



It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,  
None's then worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;  
*Ralpho*, thou dost prevaricate.

For though the *Thefts* which thou lay'st  
Be true *admissim* as thou say'st:

(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear  
*Jure Divino* lawfuller

Then *Synods* are, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem verbis* so do I)

Yet there's a fallacy in this:

For if by sly *Homœosis*,

Thou wouldst Sophistically imply  
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt  
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out

In Gospel-times, as lawful as is  
*Provincial or Parochial Classis* :  
And that both are so near of kin,  
And like in all as well as sin,  
That put them in a bag and shake 'em,  
Your self o' th' suddain would mistake 'em,  
And not know which is which, unless  
You measure by their Wickedness :  
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,  
But art not able to keep touch,  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' Adage,  
*Idest*, to make a Leek a Cabbage.  
Thou canst at best but overstrain  
A Paradox, and th' own hot brain

For what can *Synods* have at all  
With *Bears* that's analogical?  
Or what relation has debating  
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?  
A just comparison still is,  
Of things *ejusdem generis*.  
And then what *Genus* rightly doth  
Include, and comprehend them both?  
If *Animal*, both of us may  
As justly pass for *Bears* as they.  
For we are Animals no less,  
Although of different *Specieses*.  
But, *Ralpho* this is no fit place  
Nor time to argue out the Case:  
For now the Field is not far off,  
Where we must give the world a proof  
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit  
Another manner of Dispute.

A Controversy that affords  
Actions for Arguments, not Words :  
Which we must manage at a rate  
Of Prowess and Conduct adæquate  
To what our place and fame doth promise,  
And all the godly expect from us,  
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
W' are flurr'd and outed by success :  
Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand can always hit :  
For whatsoe're we perpetrate,  
We do but row, w'are steer'd by Fate,  
Which in success oft disinherits,  
For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
Great Actions are not always true Sons  
Of great and mighty Resolutions :  
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their worth ;

But

But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
Fortune and Cowardise succeed.  
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
Our actions still have born us out,  
Which though th' are known to be so ample,  
We need no copy from example,  
We're not the onely person durst,  
Attempt this Province, nor the first.  
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight  
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,  
And wound a Fidler : we have both  
Of these the objects of our wroth,  
And equal Fame and Glory from  
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.  
'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*  
In forreign Land, yclep'd ———  
To whom we have been oft compar'd  
For Person, Parts, Address, and Beard ;

Both equally reputed stout,  
And in the same Cause both have fought,  
He oft in such Attempts as these  
Came off with glory and success.  
Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
For want of equal Resolution.  
Honour is, like a Widow, won  
With brisk Attempt and putting on;  
With entring manfully, and urging;  
Not slow approaches, like a Virgin,

This said, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,  
So ours with rusty steel did smite  
His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much  
He mended pace upon the touch;  
But from his empty stomach groan'd  
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,

And

And angry answer'd from behind,  
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.  
So have I seen with armed heel,  
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal*;  
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd,

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THE

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The ARGUMENT of  
The SECOND CANTO.

---

*The Catalogue and Character  
Of th' Enemies best Men of War's  
Whom in a bold Harangue, the Knight  
Defy's, and challenges to fight:  
H' incounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;  
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,  
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.*

---

CANTO II.

---

**T**Here was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,  
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:  
Just so *Romances* are, for what else  
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?

O' th



O' th' first of these w' have no great matter  
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter :  
In which to do the injur'd Right

We mean in what concerns just fight.

Certes our Authors are to blame,  
For to make some well-sounding name

A Pattern fit for modern Knights,

To copy out in Frays and Fights,

(Like those that a whole street do raze,

To build a Palace in the place. )

They never care how many others

They kill, without regard of Mothers,

Or Wives, or Children, so they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing man,

Compos'd of many ingredient Valors

Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors:

So a wild *Tartar* when he spies

A man that's handsome, valiant, wise

If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit  
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit ;  
As if just so much he enjoy'd  
As in another is destroy'd.  
For when a Giant's slain in fight,  
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,  
It is a heavy case, no doubt.  
A man should have his Brains beat out,  
Because he's tall, and has large Bones ;  
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.  
But as for our part, we shall tell  
The naked Truth of what befell ;  
And as an equal friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
With neither faction shall take part,  
But give to each his due desert ;  
And never coyn a formal lye on't,  
To make the *Knight* o'rcome the *Giant*.

This

This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,  
And now go on where we left off.

They rod, but Authors having not  
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,  
(That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,  
As they do tearm't, or *Snucussation*)  
We leave it, and go on, as now  
Suppose they did, no matter how.  
Yet some from subtle hints have got-  
Mysterious light, it was a Trot.  
But let that pass: they now begun  
To spur their living Engines on:  
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,  
The learned hold; are Animals:  
So Horses they affirm to be  
Mere Engines made by Geometry,



And

And were invented first from Engines,  
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*,  
So let them be, and, as I was saying,  
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying  
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,  
Which the Enemy did then incamp on,  
The dire *Pharfalian* Plain, where Battel  
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,  
And fierce Auxiliary Men,  
That came to aid their Brethren :  
Who now began to take the Field  
As from his Steed the Knight beheld  
For as our modern wits behold,  
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,  
Much further off, much further he  
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see :  
Yet not sufficient to descry  
All postures of the enemy.

And

And therefore orders the bold Squire  
T' advance, and view their Body nigher  
That when their motions he had known,  
He might know how to fit his own.  
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,  
To fit himself for Martial deed :  
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,  
Either to give blows, or to ward,  
Courage within, and Steel without,  
To give, or to receive a Rout.  
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,  
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.  
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard :  
And after many a painful pluck,  
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.  
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess  
In Scabbard of his Arms fate loose;

And

And rais'd upon his desperate foot  
On stirrup side he gaz'd about,  
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,  
The Beacon of approaching War.  
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed  
Then could b' expected from his Steed;  
But far more in returning made,  
For now the Foe he had survey'd  
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
With *Van, main Battel, Wings and Rear.*

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble  
*Crowders* march'd, expert and able:  
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,  
That makes the Warriar's Stomach come,  
Whose noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer  
By Thunder turn'd to Vineger

(For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,  
Who has not a months mind to combat?  
A squeaking Engine he apply'd  
Unto his Neck, on North-east side,  
Just where the Hangman does dispose  
To special friends the fatal Noose:  
For 'tis great Grace when *Statfmen* straight  
Dispatch a friend, let others wait,  
His warped *Ear* hung o're the strings,  
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:  
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,  
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:  
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
Of Minstrelsy, by string or wind.  
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,  
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:  
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,  
For what on his own chin did grow.

*Chiron*, the four legg'd Bard, had both  
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;  
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,  
He made use onely of his Beard.  
In *Staffordshire* where Vertuous worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;  
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King  
And Ruler, o're the men of string;  
( As once in *Persia*, tis said,  
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)  
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,  
By chance of War was beaten down,  
And wounded fore: his *Leg* then broke,  
Had got a Deputy of Oke:  
For when a shin in fight is cropt,  
The knee with one of timber's propt;  
Esteem'd more honourable then the other,  
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next



Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for  
 Wife Conduct, and success in War :  
 A skilful Leader, stout, severe,  
 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.  
 With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,  
 The Warrior to the lists he led ;  
 With solemn march and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face :  
 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,  
 Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.  
 This Leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for Charge or for Retreat.  
 Knew when t' engage his *Bear* Pel-mel  
 And when to bring him off as well.  
 So Lawyers, left the *Bear* defendant,  
 And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,

Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,  
*Reverse of Judgement*, and *Demurret*,  
To let them breath awhile, and then  
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,  
So he was dry-nur'sd by a Bear,  
That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;  
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,  
In Military *Garden-Paris*.  
For Soldiers heretofore did grow  
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now;  
Until some splay-foot Polytcians  
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,  
Forlicensing a new invention  
Th' 'ad found ont, of an antique Engine  
To root out all the Weeds that grow  
In publick Garden at a blow,

And

And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,  
My friends, that is not to be done.  
Not done ? quoth *Statesmen* ; yes, an't please ye,  
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.  
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apolla*,  
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.  
A Drum ( quoth *Phœbus* ) troth that's true,  
A pretty invention quaint and new,  
But though of Voice and Instrument  
We are ( 'tis true ) chief President ;  
We such loud Musick do not profess,  
The Devil's Master of that Office,  
Where it must pass, if 't be a Drum,  
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*  
To him apply your selves, and he  
Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.  
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,  
Th' had better have let them grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing  
Were on before, that is stout *Orfin* :  
That which so oft by sundry writers  
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,  
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,  
Then any other Warrior, (*viz.* )  
None ever acted both parts bolder,  
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.  
He was of great descent and high,  
For Splendor and Antiquity,  
And from Celestial origine  
Deriv'd himself in a right Line,  
Not as the ancient *Hero's* did,  
Who, that their base births might be hid,  
( Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
And that they came in at a Windore )  
Made *Jupiter* himself and others  
O' th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers,

To

To get on them a Race of Champions,  
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*)  
*Archophylax* in Northern Sphere  
Was his undoubted Ancestor:  
From him his Great Forefathers came,  
And in all Ages bore his name.  
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,  
For by his side a Pouch he wore  
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,  
That Wounds 6 miles point-blank would solder  
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost  
Extracted from a rotten Post;  
But of a heav'nlier influence  
Then that which Mountebanks dispense;  
Though by *Promothean* Fire made,  
As they do quack that drive that Trade.  
For as when Slovens do amiss  
At others doors by Stool or Piss,

The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit,  
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
Will convey mischief from the Dung  
Unto the part that did the wrong :  
So this did healing, and as sure  
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orsin* was endu'd,  
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,  
Incomparable : and as the Prince  
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,  
A skilful Leech is better far  
Than half a hundred Men of War ;  
So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
No less then Dint of Sword could kill,

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,  
With Visage formidably grim,

And

And rugged as a *Saracen*,  
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin ;  
Clad in a Mantle *della Guér*  
Of rough impenetrable Fur ;  
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,  
He wore for ornament a Ring ;  
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,  
As tough as trebled leathern Target ;  
*Armed*, as *Heraulds cant*, and *langued*,  
Or, as the *Vulgar say*, *sharp fanged*.  
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey  
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray.  
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,  
Which they do eat their Vittle with.  
He was by birth, some Authors write,  
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,  
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,  
Of whom we in *Dietnals* read,

That

That serve to fill up Pages here,  
 As with their Bodies Ditches there.  
*Scrimansky* was his Cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin :  
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws.  
 And though his Coutrey-men, the *Huns*,  
 Did use to stew between their *Bums*,  
 And their warm Horses backs, their meat  
 And ev'ry man his Saddle eat:  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But eat it raw when 't came in 's way.  
 He had trac'd Countreys far and near,  
 More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller ;  
 Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*  
 Of noble house a Lady gay,  
 And got on her a Race of Worthies  
 As stout as any upon Earth is



Full many a Fight for him between  
*Talgol* and *Orsin* oft had been;  
 Each striving to deserve the Crown  
 Of a fav'd Citizen: the one  
 To guard his Bear, the other fought  
 To aid his Dog; both made more stout  
 By several spurs of neighborhood,  
*Church-fellow-membership*, and bloud  
 But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,  
 Never got ought of him but blows;  
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repayd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oftner then he fought:  
 Inur'd to labor, sweat, and toyl,  
 And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl.

Right many a Widow his keen blade,  
And many a Fatherless, had made  
He many a *Bore* and huge *Dun Cow*  
Did, like another *Guy* o'rethrow.  
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,  
Had like the *Bore* or *Dun Cow* far'd.  
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought  
Then *Ajax* or bold *Don Quixot* :  
And many a Serpent of fell kind,  
With wings before and stings behind,  
Subdu'd; as Poets say, long ago  
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.  
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,  
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,  
Though stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,  
(Which whosoever took his Dead since)  
E're sent so vast a Colony  
To both the under worlds as he.

For

For he was of that noble Trade  
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,  
Slaughter, and knocking on the head ;  
The Trade to which they all were bred ;  
And is, like others, glorious when  
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
The former rides in Triumph for it ;  
The latter in a two wheel'd Chariot,  
For daring to prophane a thing  
So Sacred, with vile bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,  
*Magnano* great in Martial Fame.  
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,  
'Tis sung he got but little by't.  
Yet he was fierce as Forrest-Bore,  
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,

As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,  
Which o're his brazen Arms he held:  
But Braß was feeble to resist  
The fury of his armed fist;  
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out  
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,  
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;  
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,  
As *English Merlin* for his heart ;  
But far more skilful in the Spheres  
Then he was at the Sieve and Shears.  
He could transform himself in Colour  
As like the Devil as a Collier;  
As like as Hypocrites in show  
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,  
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:  
The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker,  
He was th' inventor of and maker:  
The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum  
Did both from his Invention come.  
He wasthe first that e'r did teach  
To make, and how to stop a breach.  
A Lance he bore with Iron pike,  
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:  
And when their forces he had joyn'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.  
  
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright  
Then burnish'd Armor of her Knight:  
A bold Virago, stout and tall  
As Joan of France, or English Mall.

Through

Through perils both of Wind and Limb,  
Through thiek and thin she follow'd him,  
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,  
And never him or it forsook.  
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge surprize,  
She shar'd in th' hazard and the prize :  
At beating Quarters up, or Forrage,  
Behav'd her self with matchless courage ;  
And laid about in fight more busily,  
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,  
And say our Authors are to blame,  
That spight of all Philosophers,  
Who hold no Females stout, but Bears,  
And heretofore did so abhor  
Their Women should pretend to War,

They

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame  
To swear by *Hercules* his Name,  
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,  
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;  
To lay their native Arms aside,  
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;  
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield  
Their naked tools in open field;  
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,  
And she that would have been the Mistress  
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,  
And rather took a Country Lass:  
They say 'tis false, without all sense,  
But of pernicious consequence  
To Government, which they suppose  
Can never be upheld in Prose:  
Strip Nature naked to the skin,  
You'll find about her no such thing.

It may be so, yet what we tell  
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,  
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,  
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:  
And if they will not take our word,  
We'll prove it true upon record,

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,  
Of all his Race the Valiant'st;  
*Cerdon* the Great, renown'd in Song,  
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:  
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
The weak against the strongest side.  
Ill has he read, that never hit  
On him in *Muses* deathless writ.  
He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
That through a Bull-hide shield would pierce,

And



And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
Though tougher then the Knight of *Greece* his;  
With whom his black thumb'd Ancestor  
Was Comrade in the ten years war:  
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down  
So many years before *Troy* Town,  
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,  
For well-sol'd Boots, no less then Fights;  
They ow'd that Glory onely to  
His Ancestor, that made them so.  
Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.  
Next Rectifier of *Wry Law*,  
And would make three, to cure one flaw.  
Learned he was, and could take note,  
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.  
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,  
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:  
For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,  
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Colen* came, bold man of War,  
Destin'd to blows by fatal Star;  
Right expert in Command of Horse,  
But cruel, and without remorse.  
That which of *Centaure* long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other Knights, was true of this,  
He and his *Horse* were of a piece.  
One Spirit did inform them both,  
The self-same Vigor, Fury Wroth:  
Yet he was much the rougher part,  
And always had a harder heart;

Although his Horse had been of those  
That fed on Man's flesh, as Fame goes.  
Strange food for Horse ! and yet, alas,  
It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.  
Sturdy he was, and no less able  
Then *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;  
As great a Drover, and as great  
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.  
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,  
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted fother  
And Provender wherewith to feed  
Himself and his less-cruel Steed.  
It was a question whether He  
Or 's Horse were of a Family  
More Worshipful : till Antiquaries,  
(After th' ad almost por'd out their Eies)  
Did very learnedly decide  
The business on the Horse's side

And prov'd not onely Horſe, but Cows,  
Nay Pigs, were of the elder houſe:  
For Beaſts, when man was but a piece  
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

Theſe Worthies were the Chief that led  
The Combatants, each in the head,  
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,  
Ready and longing to engage.  
The numerous Rabble was drawn out  
Of ſeveral Countreys round about;  
From Villages remote, and Shires,  
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemispheres:  
From forain Pariſhes and Regions,  
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,  
Came Men and Maſtives; ſome to fight  
For Fame and Honour, ſome for fight.

And

And now the field of Death, the lists,  
Were entred by Antagonists,  
And blood was ready to be broached;  
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,  
With Squire and Weapons to attack them:  
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury  
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?  
What *Oestrum*, what phrenetick mood  
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,  
And unreveng'd walks——ghost?  
What Towns, what Garrisons might you  
With hazard of this blood subdue,  
Which now y' are bent to throw away  
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudshed wallow  
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?  
The *Cause* for which we fought and swore  
So boldly, shall we now give o're?  
Then because Quarrels still are seen  
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,  
The *Solemn League and Covenant*  
Will seem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;  
And we that took it, and have fought,  
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.  
For as we make War for the *King*  
*Against himself*, the self-same thing  
Some will not stick to swear we do  
For *God* and for *Religion* too.  
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,  
What good can *Reformation* do?  
The Bloud and Treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.

Are

Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,  
 The Prototype of *Reformation*,  
 Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,  
 Wore in their Hats, like Wedding-Garters,  
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
*Six Members* quarrel to espouse?  
 Did they for this draw down the Rabble,  
 With zeal and noises formidable;  
 And make all *Cries* about the Town  
 Joyn throats to cry the *Bishops* down?  
 Who having round begirt the Palace,  
 ( As once a month they do the *Gallows* )  
 As Members gave the sign about,  
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
 When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle  
*Church-Discipline*, for patching *Kettle*.  
 No *sow-gelder* did blow his Horn  
 To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The

The *Oyster-women* lock'd their Fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.  
The *Monfetrup-men* laid *Save-alls* by,  
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.  
*Botchers* left old Cloaths in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*,  
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead  
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread* :  
And some for *Broom, old Boots and Shooes*,  
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's House* :  
Instead of *Kitchinstuff*, some cry  
A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry* ;  
And some for *Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak*,  
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*.  
A strange harmonious inclination  
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.  
And this is all ? is this the end  
To which these *carr'ings on* did tend ?

Hath



Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heir  
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,  
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's book,  
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?  
Did *saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,  
And crowd as if they came too late?  
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,  
Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
Did they coyn *Pifs-pots*, *Bouls*, and *Flaggons*;  
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;  
And into Pikes and Musqueteers  
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?  
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*  
Did start up living men, as soon  
As in the Furnace they were thrown,  
Just like the *Dragon's teeth* b'ing sown.  
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,  
The *Brethrens* off'rings, consecrate

Like

Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it  
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it.  
So say the *Wicked*—and will you  
Make that *Sarcastmous Scandal* true,  
By running after *Dogs and Bears*,  
Beasts more unclean than *Calves or Steers* ?  
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,  
And laid themselves out and their Lungs ;  
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
I' th' power of *Gospel-Preaching Minister* ?  
Have they invented *Tones*, to win  
The *Women*, and make them draw in  
The *Men*, as *Indians* with a *Female*  
Tame *Elephant* enveigle the *Male* ?  
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,  
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to ?  
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* design,  
And which way best to countermine ;

Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,  
Or it will ne'r advance the *Kirk*;  
Told it the *News* o'th' last express,  
And after good or bad success  
Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,  
As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,  
(Such as the *Army* did present  
To their Creator th' *Parliament* )  
In which they freely will confess,  
They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,  
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on  
In the same way they have begun,  
By setting Church and Common-weal,  
All on a flame bright as their zeal,  
On which the Saints were all-a-gog,  
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*  
 To 't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,  
 To *Well-affected* Persons down,  
 In ev'ry City and great Town;  
 With pow'r to leavy Horse and Men,  
 Onely to bring them back agen:  
 For this did many, many a mile,  
 Ride manfully in Rank and File,  
 With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd  
 As if they to the *Pillory* rode.  
 Have all these courses, these efforts,  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,  
*Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,*  
 And all t'advance the *Cause's* service?  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine fray?  
 Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,  
 Each man of us to run before

Another

Another still in *Reformation*,  
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation?  
How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?  
What will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,  
That each man swore to do his best,  
To damn and perjure all the rest:  
And bid *the Devil take the hinmost*,  
Which at this Race is like to win most.  
They 'l say our bus'ness to *reform*  
The Church and State is but a worm;  
For to subscribe, unsight unseen,  
T' an unknown Churches Discipline  
What is it else, but before-hand.  
T' ingage, and after understand?  
For when we swore to carry on  
The present *Reformation*,  
According to the Purest mode  
Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,

What

What did we else but make a vow  
To do we know not what, nor how?  
For no three of us will agree  
Where, or what Churches these should be.  
And is indeed the self-same case  
With theirs that swore *Et ceteras*;  
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd  
To fight to the last drop of blood.  
These slanders will be thrown upon  
The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,  
If we permit men to run headlong  
T' exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,  
Rather then *Gospel-walking* times,  
When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.  
But we the matter so shall handle,  
As to remove that odious scandal,  
*In name of King and Parliament*,  
I charge ye all, no more foment

This

This feud, but keep the peace between  
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men ;  
And to those places straight repair  
Where your respective dwellings are,  
But to that purpose first surrender,  
The Fidler, as the prime offender,  
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief  
Author and Enginier of mischief;  
That makes division between friends,  
For prophane and malignant ends.  
He and that Engine of vile noise,  
On which illegally he plays,  
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought  
To condigne Punishment as th'y ought.  
This must be done, and I would fain see  
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :  
For then I'll take another course,  
And soon Reduce you all by force.

Lined

G

This

This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,  
To shew he meant to keep his word,

But *Talgol*, who had long suppress'd  
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
Which now began to rage and burn as  
Implacably as flame in furnace,  
Thus answer'd him: Thou Vermin wretched,  
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched ;  
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow  
On Rump of Justice as of Cow ;  
How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage  
O'th thy self, old Ir'n and other Baggage,  
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather  
Has broke his Wind in halting hither ;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy Lumber against us ?

Could



Could thine Impertinence find out  
No work t<sup>e</sup> employ it self about,  
Where thou secure from Wooden blow  
Thy busy vanity might'ft show?  
Was no dispute afoot between  
The *Catterwanling Brethren*?  
No subtle Question rais'd among  
Those *out-o'-the-wits* and those i' th' wrong?  
No prize between those Combatants  
O' th' times, the Land and Water-Saints;  
Where thou might'ft *stickle without hazard*  
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,  
And not for want of bus'ness come  
To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better sort  
Of Disputants, and spoil our sport?  
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,  
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?

No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,  
To tye thee up from breaking loose ?  
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,  
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,  
To keep thee busie from foul evil,  
And shame due to thee from the Devil ?  
Did no Committee sit, where he  
Might cut out journey-work for thee ;  
And set th' a task, with subornation,  
To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration* ;  
To *cheat* with *Holinefs* and *Zeal*  
All Parties, and the Common-weal ?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be ;  
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither.  
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull  
To keep within it's lodging whole,

And

And not provoke the rage of Stones  
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;  
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,  
And *lifting hands* and *eyes up* both,  
Three times smote on stomach stout,  
From whence at length these words broke out.  
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,  
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,  
For Fame and Honour to wage Battel,  
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?  
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell  
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;  
Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,  
And sell thy Carrion for good meat;  
Not all thy Magick to repair  
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy work,  
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;  
Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
Because by Bullock ne'r withstood;  
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,  
And Axes made to hew down lives;  
Shall save or help thee to evade  
The hand of Justice, or this blade  
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,  
For civil Deed and Military.  
Nor shall these words of Venom base,  
Which thou hast from their native place,  
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.  
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,  
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em,  
Nor shall it e're be said, that wight  
With Gantlet blew and Bases white,

And

Andround blunt Dudgeon by his side,  
So great a man at Arms defy'd  
With words far bitterer then Wormwood,  
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.  
Dogs with their Tongues their wounds do heal;  
But Men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd  
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;  
And bending Cock, he level'd full  
Against the outside of *Talgol's* Skull;  
Vowing that he should ne'r stir further,  
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.  
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,  
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust  
Her *Gorgon*-shield, which made the Cock  
Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t'a stock.  
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,  
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight.

And he his rusty Pistol held  
To take the blow on, like a Shield;  
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,  
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.  
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste  
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,  
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack  
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back,  
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,  
Couragiously he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal foe the Truncheon.  
The trusty Cudgel did oppose  
It self against dead-doing blows,  
To guard its Leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd it self again.

And

And though the sword (some understood)  
In force had much the odds of Wood;  
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was valiant st.  
For Wood with Honour b'ng engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd,  
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises Honor more.  
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death;  
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
Expecting which should take, or kill.  
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting  
Conquest should be so long a getting,  
He drew up all his force into  
One Body, and that into one Blow.  
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it  
By cunning flight; for had it hit,

The

The Upper part of him the Blow  
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,  
To aid his Friend began to fall on,  
Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew  
A fierce Dispute betwixt them two:  
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;  
This fit for bruise, and that for bloud.  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;  
While none that saw them could divine  
To which side Conquest would encline:  
Until *Magnano*, who did envy  
That two should with so many men vye,  
By subtle stratagem of brain  
Perform'd what force could ne'r attain,

For



For he, by foul hap having found  
Where Thistles grew on barren ground,  
In haste he drew his weapon out  
And having crop'd them from the Root  
He clapp'd them under th' Horses Tail  
With prickles sharper then a Nail  
The angry Beast did straight resent  
The wrong done to his Fundament,  
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if h' had been beside his sense,  
Striving to disingage from Smart,  
And raging Pain, th' afflicted Part  
Instead of which he threw the pack  
Of *Equire* and Baggage from his back ;  
And blandrings still with smarting rump,  
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,  
That stagger'd him. The *Knight* did stoop  
And sate on further side aloope,

This

This *Talgol* viewing, who had now  
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,  
He rally'd, and again fell to't;  
For catching him by nearer foot,  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.  
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,  
In Pudding-time came to his aid,  
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;  
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown  
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.  
The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:  
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,  
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.  
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,  
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well

In body, though his mighty Spirit,  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout.  
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'r, and from  
His jaws of Death he threw the fume.  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more, then ever Herauld drew him:  
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd  
From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd;  
And vext the more, because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*:  
For Men he always took to be  
His friends, and Dogs the Enemy:  
Who never so much hurt had done him,  
As his own side did falling on him.

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they  
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,  
Should offer such inhumane wrong;  
Wrong of unsouldier-like condition:  
For which he flung down his Commission,  
And laid about him, till his Nose  
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.  
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
And made way through th' amazed crew,  
Some he o're-ran, and some o're-threw,  
But took none; for by hasty flight  
He strove t' avoid the conquering *Knigh*.  
From whom he fled with as much haste  
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.  
In haste he fled, and so did they,  
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

*Crowders*

*Crowdero* onely kept the field,  
Not stirring from the place he held,  
Though beaten down and wounded fore  
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore  
One side of him, not that of bone,  
But much its betters, th' wooden one.  
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd  
Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
With fright of fall supposed wound,  
And loss of Urine, in a swoond,  
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb  
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,  
And fitting it for sudden fight,  
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*.  
For getting up on stump and huckle,  
He with the foe began to buckle,

. Vowing

# 110 CANTO II.

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
 Of Crowd and Shin upon the wretch,  
 Sole author of all Detriment  
 He and his Fiddle underwent.  
 But *Ralpho* ( who had now begun  
 T'adventure resurrection  
 From heavy squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup )  
 Looking about beheld the Bard  
 To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,  
 He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his Steed,  
 (As Rats do from a falling house,)  
 To hide it self from rage of blows;  
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.  
 Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce  
 The Leg encounter'd twice and once;

And

And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,  
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.  
He took the blow upon his Arm,  
To shield the *Knight* from further harm;  
And joyning wrath with force, bestow'd  
On th' wooden member such a load,  
That down it fell, and with it bore  
*Crowdero*, whom it propp'd before.  
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,  
And setting his bold foot upon  
His trunk, thus spoke: What *desp'rate Frenzie*  
Made thee, ( thou whelp of Sin ) to fancy  
Thy self and all that Coward Rabble  
T' encounter us in battel able?  
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship  
'Gainst Arms, Authority and Worship?  
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,  
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,

H

And

And th' other half of thee as good  
To bear out blows as that of Wood ?  
Could not the whipping-post prevail  
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,  
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
And ankle free from Iron Gin ?  
Which now thou shalt——but first our care  
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.  
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
And set him on his Bum upright :  
To rouse him from Lethargick dump,  
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump,  
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been  
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.  
They wakened with the noise, did fly  
From inward Room to Window eye,  
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,  
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.

This



This gladdened *Ralph* much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A *self-denying* Conqueror;  
 As high, victorious and great,  
 As e'r fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give your self but leave  
 To make out what y' already have;  
 That's Victory, the foe, for dread  
 Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,  
 All save *Crowders*, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake:  
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,  
 Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,  
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jail,  
 For one wink of your powerful Eye  
 Must sentence him to live, or dye.

His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the Service of the Churches;  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd.  
 For though success did not confer  
 Just Title on the Conquerer;  
 Though dispensations were not strong  
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;  
 Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,  
 And *Owning* were but a meer term:  
 Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' Creature, though usurp'd by might;  
 The property is in the Saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;  
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,  
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,  
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,  
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites:

All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,  
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.  
What we take from them is no more  
Then what was ours by right before.  
For we are their true *Landlords* still,  
And they our *Tenants* but at will.  
At this the *Knights* began to rouse,  
And by degrees grow valorous.  
He star'd about, and seeing none  
Of all his foes remain but one,  
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,  
And from the ground began to rear him;  
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay  
For all the rest that ran away.  
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,  
His fury mildly thus withstood :

Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit  
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit  
To be the Hangman's bus'ness, sooner  
Then from your hand to have the honour  
Of his destruction. I that am  
So much below in Deed and Name,  
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,  
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.  
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot  
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,  
To break a Fiddle and your Word?  
For though I fought, and overcame,  
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.  
For great Commanders always own  
What's prosperous by the Soldier done,  
To save, where you have power to kill,  
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;

And

And that your Will and Pow'r have less  
Then both might have of selfishness,  
This Pow'r which now aliye with dread  
He trembles at, if he were dead,  
Would no more keep the slave in awe  
Then if you were a Knight of Straw :  
For death would then be his Conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that terror.  
If danger from his life accrue,  
Or honour from his death to you;  
'Twere Policy, and Honour too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do,  
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,  
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.  
Great Conquerors greater glory gain  
By Foes in Triumph led, then slain;  
The Lawrels that adorn their brows  
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,

And living foes the greatest fame  
 Of Cripple slain can be but lame.  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your pain,  
 Th' Honor can but on one side light,  
 As Worship did, when y' were dub'd Knight.  
 Wherefore I think it better far,  
 To keep him Prisoner of War;  
 And let him fast in bonds abide,  
 At Court of Justice to be try'd :  
 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
 There may be danger in his safety;  
 If any Member there dislike  
 His Face, or to his Beard have pike,  
 Or if his death will save, or yield,  
 Revenge, or fright, it is reveal'd,  
 Though he has quarter, nevertheless  
 Y' have power to hang him when you please.

This hath been often done by some  
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:  
And has by most of us been held  
Wise Justice; and to some *reveald*.  
For Words and Promises that yoke  
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,  
Like *sampson's* Cuffs, though by his own  
Direction and advice put on.  
For if we should fight for the *Cause*  
By rules of military Laws,  
And onely do what they call just,  
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.  
This we among our selves may speak,  
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*  
We must be cautious to declare  
*Perfection-truths*, such as these are,

This

This said, the high outrageous mettle  
Of *Knight* began to cool and settle.  
He lik'd the *Squire's* advice, and soon  
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done :  
And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
*Crowdero's* hands on rump behind,  
And to its former place and use  
The Wooden member to reduce :  
But force it take an *Oath* before,  
Ne'r to bear *Arms* against him more.  
  
*Ralpho* dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,  
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,  
To lead the Captive of his sword  
In triumph while the Steeds he caught,  
And them to further service brought.



The *Squire* in *State* rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown *Whinard* bore  
 The *Trophee-Fiddle* and the *Cafe*,  
 Plac'd on his shoulder like a *Mace*.  
 The *Knight* himself did after ride,  
 Leading *Crowdero* by his side,  
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,  
 Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,  
 Until quite through the Town th'ad gone  
 At further end of which there stands  
 An ancient Castle, that commands  
 Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick  
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,  
 But all of Wood; by pow'rful Spell  
 Of Magick made impregnable,  
 There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,  
 Port-cullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate :

And

And

And yet men durance there abide,  
 In Dungeon scarce three inches wide;  
 With Roof so low, that under it  
 They never stand, but lye, or sit;  
 And yet so foul, that whoſo is in,  
 Is to the middle-leg in priſon,  
 In Circle Magical confin'd,  
 With Walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,  
 Which none are able to break thorough,  
 Until th' are freed by head of Borough.  
 Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous Knight  
 And bold Squire from their Steeds alight,  
 At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands  
 A Baſtile, built t' imprifon hands;  
 By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter  
 The leſſer parts, and free the greater.  
 For though the Body may creep through,  
 The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

LbA

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist  
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,  
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,  
 As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch  
 At twenty miles an hour pace,  
 And yet ne'r stirs out of the place.

Ontop of this there is a Spire,  
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*

~~The Fiddle~~, and its Spoils, the *Cafe*,

In manner of a Trophee, place.

That done, they ope the Trap-dore-gate,

And let *Crowdero* down thereat.

*Crowdero* making doleful face,

Like Hermit poor in penfive place,

To Dungeon they the wretch commit,

And the survivor of his feet :

But th' other that had broke the peace,

And head of Knighthood, they release,

Though

Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,  
 Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;  
 While his Comrade that did no hurt,  
 Is clapt up fast in prison for't.  
 So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,  
 Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

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The ARGUMENT of  
The THIRD CANTO.

---

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,  
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,  
And is made Pris'ner: then they seize  
Th' Inchar'd Fort by storm, release  
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place:  
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

---

CANTO III.

---



*Y me? what perils do inviron  
The man that medles with cold Iron!  
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
Do dog him still with after-claps!*

For though Dame Fortune seem to smile  
And leer upon him for a while;

She'l

She'l after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick,  
This any man may sing or say  
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*,  
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won  
The Field as certain as a Gun,  
And having routed the whole Troop,  
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;  
Think h' had done enough to purchase  
*Thanksgiving-day* among the Churches,  
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth  
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,  
And Register'd by Fame eternal,  
In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal*;  
Found in few minutes to his Cost,  
He did but *Count without his Host*;  
And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,  
Then in events of War Dame Fortune,

For

For now the late faint-hearted Rout  
O'rethrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chac'd by the horror of their fear  
From bloody fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,  
(All but the *Dogs* who in pursuit,  
Of the *Knight's* victory stood to't,  
And most ignobly sought to get  
The Honour of his blood and sweat)  
Seeing the coast was free and clear  
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,  
Took heart again, and fac'd about,  
As if they meant to stand it out:  
For now the half-defeated *Bear*  
Attack'd by th' Enemy i'th' rear,  
Finding their number grew too great  
For him to make a safe retreat,

Like

Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;  
 But wisely doubting to hold out,  
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,  
 Retiring still, until he found  
 H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;  
 And then as valiantly made head,  
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled;  
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick  
 Of Warrior stout and Polytick,  
 Until in spight of hot pursuit,  
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute  
 On better terms, and stop the course  
 Of the proud foe. With all his force  
 He bravely charg'd, and for a while  
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:  
 But still their numbers so increas'd  
 He found himself at length oppress'd,

And



And all evasions so uncertain:  
To save himself for better fortune,  
That he resolv'd, rather then yield,  
To die with honour in the field,  
And sell his Hide and Carcass at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e're he could. This Resolution  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
The Enemy i'th' greatest throng.  
But what could single Valour do  
Against so numerous a foe?  
Yet much he did, indeed too much  
To be believ'd, where th' odds was such:  
But one against a multitude,  
Is more then mortal can make good.  
For while one party he oppos'd,  
His Rear was suddainly enclos'd,

And no room left him for retreat,  
Or fight against a foe so great.  
For now the Mastives charging home  
To blows and handy-gripes were come;  
While manfully himself he bore,  
And setting his right-foot before,  
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall  
His Person was, above them all,  
This equal shame and envy stirr'd  
In th' enemy, that one should beard  
So many Warriors, and so stout,  
As he had done, and stand it out,  
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,  
And yield on honourable terms.  
Enraged thus some in the rear  
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where  
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,  
And being down still laid about;

As

As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps  
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,  
And he inevitably slain,  
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick  
To rescue him had not been quick.  
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,  
As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot  
(But not so light as to be born  
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,  
Or tript it o're the Water quicker  
Then Witches when their staves they liquor,  
As some report) was got among  
The foremost of the Martial throng;  
Where pitting the vanquish'd *Bear*,  
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near

Viewing the bloody fight, to whom  
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,  
And see stout *Bruin* all alone  
By numbers basely overthrown?  
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,  
In story not to be believ'd;  
And 't would t'ous be shame enough,  
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb  
To second thee, and rescue him:  
But then we must about it straight,  
Or else our aid will come too late.  
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
And therefore cannot long hold out.  
This said, they wav'd their weapons round  
About their heads, to clear the ground;

And

And joyning forces laid about  
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.  
Mean while th' approach'd the place where *Ernin*  
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:  
The conquering foe they soon assail'd;  
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,  
Until their Mastives loos'd their hold:  
And yet, alas! do what they could,  
The worsted *Bear* came off with store  
Of bloody wounds, but all before.  
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,  
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,  
Made proof against dead-doing steel  
All over but the Pagan heel:  
So did our Champion's Arms defend  
All of him but the other end,

His

His Head and Ears, which in the Martial  
 Encounter lost a Leathern parcel,  
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once  
 Had one ear ( which in *Ducatoons*  
 Is half the Coyn ) in Battel par'd  
 Close to his head; so *Bruin* far'd;  
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd;  
 Or like the late-corrected Leathern  
 Ears of the *circumcised Brethren*.  
 But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring  
 He wore in's Nose convey'd a string,  
 With which she marcht before, and led  
 The Warrior to a grassy Bed,  
 As Authors write, in a cool shade,  
 Which *Eglentine* and *Roses* made,  
 Close by a softly-murmuring stream  
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.

There

# CANTO III.

135

There leaving him to his repose,  
Secured from pursuit of foes,  
And wanting nothing but a Song,  
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung  
Upon a Bough, to ease the pain  
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.  
They both drew up, to march in quest  
Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd  
For stout maintaining of his ground  
In standing fights then for pursuit,  
As being not so quick of foot )  
Was not long able to keep pace  
With others that pursu'd the Chace,  
But found himself left far behind,  
Both out of heart and out of wind ;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd  
So basely by a multitude,  
And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
But numbers of his Coward foes.  
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,  
Forcing the Vallies to repeat  
The Accents of his sad regret.  
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,  
For loss of his dear Crony *Bear*:  
That Eccho from the hollow ground  
His doleful wailings did resound  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Then in small Poets splay-foot rimes,  
That make her, in their ruthful stories,  
To answer to Inter'gatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
To things of which she nothing knows:

And



And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,  
Art thou fled to my—*Eccho, ruine?*  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
For fear. (Quoth *Echo*) *Marry gnep.*  
Am not I here to take thy part?  
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these Bones ratled, and this Head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget,*  
Think'st thou 'twill not belaid i'th' dish,  
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth *Eccho*, *Pish.*  
To run from those th' hadst overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth *Eccho*, *Mum.*  
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too, as thine *Enemy?*

Or if thou hast no thought of me  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yet shame and honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
His honors cause? Quoth she, a *Puddin*.  
This said, his geief to anger turn'd,  
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;  
Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place  
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.  
He vow'd the Authors of his woe  
Should equal vengeance undergo,  
And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear  
For what he suffer'd and his *Bear*.  
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
And rage he hasted to proceed  
To action straight, and giving o're  
To search for *Brnny* any more,

He

He went in quest of *Hudibras*,  
To find him out, where e're he was :  
And if he were above ground, vow'd  
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on  
This resolute adventure gone,  
When he encounter'd with that Crew  
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.  
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,  
Did equally their breasts enflame.  
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,  
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras* ;  
*Cerdon* and *Colon*, Warriors stout  
And resolute as ever fought :  
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,  
Shall we ( quoth he ) thus basely brook

The

The vile affront, that poultry Afs  
And feeble *Sconndrel Hudibras*,  
With that more poultry *Ragamuffin*  
*Ralpho*, with vapouring and huffing  
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,  
As if th' had routed us in battel?  
For my part, it shall ne'r be fed,  
I for the washing gave my Head:  
Nor did I turn my back for fear  
Of them, but loosing of my *Bear*,  
Which now I'm like to undergo;  
For whether these fell wounds, or no,  
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,  
Is more then all my skin can foretel,  
Nor do I know what is become  
Of him, more then the *Pope of Rome*,  
But if I can but find them out  
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,

Where

Where e'r th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handy work;  
 And wish that they had rather dard,  
 To pull the Devil by the Beard.

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Or for th' halt  
 Great reason to do as thou say'st

And so has ev'ry body here

As well as thou: halt or thy Bear.

Others may do as they see good;

But if this twig be made of Wood

That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur

Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,

And th' other mungrel Vermin; Ralph;

That brav'd us all in his behalf.

Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,

Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.

My self and *Trulla* made a shift  
 To help him out at a dead lift;  
 And having brought him bravely off,  
 Have left him where he's safe enough;  
 There let him rest; for if we stay,  
 The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyne  
 Their forces in the same design;  
 And forthwith put themselves in search  
 Of *Hudibras* upon their march.  
 Where leave we them a while, to tell  
 What the Victorious *Knight* befell;  
 For such, *Crowdero* being fast  
 In Dungeon shut, we left him last.  
 Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow  
 No where so green as on his brow;

Laden with which, as well astir'd  
 With conquering toil, he now retir'd  
 Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, *Reds, Blacks, and Blews* ;  
 To mollify th' uneasie pang  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang.  
 Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt  
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,  
 By *Cupid* made, who took his stand  
 Upon a Widows Joynture-Land,  
 (For he, in all his amorous battels,  
 No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels.)

K

Drew

Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,  
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*  
The shaft against a Rib did glance,  
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.  
But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,  
After he found his suit in vain,  
For that proud Dame, for whom his soul  
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
(That Belly that so oft did ake  
And suffer griping for her sake,  
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs  
Had almost brought him off his Legs)  
Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,  
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him?) *malion*,  
That cut his Mistress out of stone,  
Had not so hard-a-hearted one.  
She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
Worse then a Mule that flings and kicks :

'Mong



·Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
As insolent as strange and mad:  
She could love none but onely such  
As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady;  
Not love, if any lov'd her, ? ha day !  
So Cowards never use their might,  
But against such as will not fight.  
So some diseases have been found  
Onely to seize upon the sound.  
He that gets her by heart must say her  
The back-way, like a Witche's Prayer.  
Meanwhile the *Knight* had no small task,  
To compass what he durst not ask.  
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;  
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.  
Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,  
Look one way, and another move;  
Or like a tumbler that does play  
His game, and look another way,  
Until he seize upon the Coney:  
Just so does he by Matrimony.  
But all in vain: her subtle snout  
Did quickly wind his meaning out;  
Which she return'd with too much scorn,  
To be by man of Honour born.  
Yet much he bore, until the distress,  
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress  
Did stir his stomach, and the Pain  
He had endur'd from her disdain.  
Turn'd to regret, so resolute  
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play least in fight.

This

This resolution b'ing put on,  
He kept some moneths, and more had done;  
But being brought so nigh by fate,  
The Victory he atchiev'd so late  
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
A door to discontinu'd hope,  
That seem'd to promise he might win  
His Dame too now his hand was in;  
And that his valour and the honour  
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,  
These reasons made his mouth to water  
With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, Who knows  
But this brave Conquest o're my foes  
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

If

If nothing can oppugne love,  
And Vertue invious ways can prove,  
What may not he confide to do  
That brings both love and vertue too?  
But thou bring'st Valour too and wit,  
Two things that seldom fail to hit.  
Valour's a Moufe-trap, Wit a Gin,  
Which Women oft are taken in.  
Then, *Hudibras*, why shouldst thou fear  
To be, that art a Conquerer  
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,  
But lets the timidious miscarry.  
Then while the honour thou hast got  
Is spick and span-new, piping hot,  
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,  
 More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.  
 And as an Owl that in a Barn  
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes,  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:  
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,  
 To seize upon the Widow's heart;  
 Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,  
*Ralpho*, dispatch, To horse, to horse,  
 And 'twas but time, for now the Rout  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches were advanc'd  
 Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd,  
 And had all th' avenues possess'd  
 About the place, from East to West.

That done, awhile they made a halt,  
 To view the Ground, and where t' assault:  
 Then call'd a Council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy: and 'twas agreed,  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed;  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort,  
 They now drew up t' attack the Fort.  
 When *Hudibras*, about to enter  
 Upon another gate's adventure,  
 To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.  
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,  
 To which he was an utter stranger;  
 That Foresight might, or might not blot  
 The glory he had newly got;

Or to his shame it might be sed,  
They took him napping in his bed:  
To them we leave it to expound,  
That deal in Sciences profound;  
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,  
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,  
When setting ope the Postern Gate,  
To take the Field and Sally at,  
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
Ready to charge them in the field.  
This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,  
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected fight,  
The bruises of his Bones and Flesh  
He thought began to smart afresh:  
Till recollecting wonted Courage,  
His fear was soon converted to rage,  
And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,  
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,  
 As if they had o'erturn'd their fears,  
 The Glory we did lately get,  
 The fates command us to repeat.  
 And to their wills we must succumb,  
*Quocunque trabunt*, 'tis our doom.  
 This is the same numerick Crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue,  
 The self-same individuals that  
 Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,  
 When we courageously did wield  
 Our Martial weapons in the field,  
 To tug for Victory : and when  
 We shall our shining blades agen  
 Brandish in terror o're our heads,  
 They'l straight resume their wonted dreads,  
 Fear is an Ague, that forsakes  
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes.

And



And they'l opine they feel the pain  
And blows, they felt to day, again.  
Then let us boldly charge them home,  
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to enflame,  
He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.  
His Pistol next he cockt anew,  
And out his nut-brown Whinniard drew.  
And placing *Ralpho* in the front  
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;  
As expert Warriors use: then ply'd  
With Iron heel his Courser's side,  
Conveying Sympathetick speed  
From heel of *Knight* to heel of *Steed*.

Mean while the foe with equal rage  
And speed advancing to engage,

Both

Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handiblow.  
 When *Orsin* first let fly a stone  
 At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one  
 As that which *Diomed* did maul  
*Aeneas* on the Bum withal:  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
 T'have sent him to another world;  
 Whether above-ground, or below,  
 Which *Saints* twice dipt are destin'd to.  
 The danger startled the bold *Squire*,  
 And made him some few steps retire.  
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits halfe dismayd.  
 He, wisely doubting lest the shot  
 Of th' Enemy now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, prest close,  
 To come, pell-mell, to handiblow:

And

And that he might their aim decline,  
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;  
But prudently forbore to fire,  
Till breast to breast he had got nigher:  
As expert Warriors use to do,  
When hand to hand they charge the foe.  
This Order the advent'rous Knight  
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight:  
When fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle  
And for the foe began to stickle.  
The more shame for her *goody-ship*,  
To give so near a friend the slip.  
For *Colon* chusing out a stone,  
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon  
His manly panch with such a force,  
As almost beat him off his Horse.  
He loos'd his weapon, and the Reyn;  
But laying fast hold on the Mane,

Preserv'd

Preserv'd his seat : And as a Goose  
In death contracts his Talons loose ;  
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw  
The tricker of his Pistol draw.  
The Gun went off ; and as it was  
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,  
In all his feats of Arms, when least  
He dreamt of it, to prosper best ;  
So now he far'd : the shot let fly  
At randome 'mong the enemy,  
Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gabberdine, and grazing  
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing  
Lodg'd in *Magnana's* bras Habergeon,  
Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd, a *Surgeon*.  
He tumbled down, and as he fell,  
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.  
This startled their whole body so,  
That if the *Knight* had not let go

His

His Arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 H' had won (the second time) the fight.  
 As if the *Squire* had but faln on,  
 He had inevitably done:  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of *Hudibras* his wound, forbore  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
 While danger did the rest dishearten.  
 He had with *Cerdon* been engag'd  
 In close encounter, which both wag'd  
 So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.  
 And now the busy work of death  
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
 Preparing to renew the fight;  
 When th' hard th' disaster of the *Knights*  
 And th' other party did divert  
 And force their fallen Rage to part

*Ralpho* prest up to *Hudibras*,  
 And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;  
 Each striving to confirm his party  
 With stout encouragements and hearty.  
 Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, vallant Sir,  
 And let Revenge and Honour stir  
 Your spirits up, once more fall on;  
 The shatter'd Foe begins to run:  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 To use your Victory as subdue,  
 They durst not, after such a blow  
 As you have giv'n them, face us now;  
 But from so formidable a Soldier  
 Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.  
 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft  
 Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.  
 But if you let them recollect:  
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,

You'l

You'l have a harder game to play,  
Then yet y' have had to get the day,

Thus spoke the stout *Squire* ; but was heard  
By *Hudibras* with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
He lately took, then *Ralph's* harangue ;  
To which he answer'd, 'Cruel fate

Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.

The knotted bloud within my hose,

That from my wounded body flows,

With mortal *Crisis* doth portend

My days to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,

Either of Fortitude or Wit,

*Fortune* my foe begins to frown,

Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

I am not apt upon a wound,  
Or trivial basting, to despond :  
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail,  
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
Or that we'd time enough as yet  
To make an honourable retreat,  
Twere the best course : but if they find  
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,  
For them to seize on, the dishonour  
And danger too is such, I'll sooner  
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,  
To let them see I am no starter.  
In all the trade of War, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat.  
For those that Run away, and fly,  
Take Place at least of th' enemy

This



This said, the *Squire* with active speed  
Dismounted from his bony Steed,  
To seize the Arms which by mischance  
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.  
These being found out, and restor'd  
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,  
The active *Squire* with might and main  
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.  
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;  
But by his weighty bum as oft  
He was pull'd back: till having found  
Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
Thither he led his warlike Steed,  
And having plac'd him right, with speed  
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.  
When *Orsin*, who had newly drest  
The bloody fear upon the shoulder  
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,

And now was searching for the spot  
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,  
Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid  
Preparing to climb up his Horse side.  
He left his Cure, and laying hold  
Upon his Arms with Courage bold  
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,  
The Enemy begins to rally :  
Let us that are unhurt and whole  
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt  
He flew with fury to th' assault,  
Striving the Enemy to attack  
Before he reacht his Horse's back.  
*Ralpho* was mounted now, and gotten  
O'rethwart his Beast with active vaulting,

Wrigling

Wrigling his body to recover  
 His seat, and cast his right Leg over;  
 When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd  
 On Horse and Man so heavy a load,  
 The Beast was startled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
 Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,  
 Or stout King *Richard*, on his back:  
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoond,  
 Meanwhile the *Knight* began to rowse  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess;  
 He thrust his Hand into his Hose,  
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,  
 'Twas onely Choler, and not Bloud,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd.  
 This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,  
 Inflam'd him with despightful ire;

Courageously he fac'd about,  
 And drew his other Pistol out,  
 And now had half-way bent the Cock,  
 When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,  
 With sturdy truncheon, thwart his Arm  
 That down it fell, and did no harm;  
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.  
 The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,  
 With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,  
 Or at the least cropt off a Limb,  
 But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.  
 He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*  
 Upon his quarters opposite.  
 But as a Bark that in foul weather,  
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
 Is bruise'd and beaten to and fro,  
 And knows not which to turn him to:

So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,  
And knew not which of them t' oppose.  
Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce  
At *Hudibras*, by spightful chance  
Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd  
And laid him flat upon the ground.  
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,  
And raising up himself on stirrup,  
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,  
And I shall straight dispatch another,  
To bear thee company in death:  
But first I'll halt awhile and breath.  
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd  
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,  
Ran to relieve him with his lore,  
And cure the hurt he made before.  
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,  
To breath himself, and next find out

Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
He might the ruffled foe infest.  
This b'ng resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,  
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,  
While he was busy in the care  
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware:  
But he was quick, and had already  
Unto the part apply'd remedy;  
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
Then like a Warrior right expert  
And skilful in the martial Art,  
The subtle *Knight* streight made a halt,  
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,  
And then ( in order ) to retire ;  
Or, as occasion should invite,  
With Forces joyn'd renew the fight.

Ralpho

*Ralpho* by this time disentranc'd,  
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,  
Though sorely bruise'd; his Limbs all o're  
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore,  
Right fain he would have got upon  
His feet again, to get him gone;  
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)  
Courage. the day at length is ours,  
And we once more as Conquerours,  
Have both the Field and Honour won,  
The Foe is profligate and run,  
I mean all such as can, for some  
This hand hath sent to their long home;  
And some lye sprauling on the ground,  
With many a gash and bloody wound.

*Cæsar* himself could never say  
He got two victories in a day;  
As I have done, that can say, Twice I  
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*  
The foe's so numerous, that we  
Cannot so often *vincere*  
As they *perire*, and yet enough  
Be left to strike an after-blow.  
Then lest they rally, and once more  
Put us to fight the bus'ness o're,  
Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,  
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were  
In case for action, now be here;  
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd:



It was for you I got these harms,  
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.  
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,  
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
My Limbs of strength: unless you stoop,  
And reach your hand to pull me up,  
I shall lie here, and be a prey  
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras* :) And T  
We read, the Ancients held it was  
More honourable far *servare*  
*Civem*, then slay an adversary.  
The one we oft to day have done;  
The other shall dispatch anon.  
And though th'art of a diff'rent Church,  
I will not leave thee in the lurch:

This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,  
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*:  
Then bowing down his Body stretch  
His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;  
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,  
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.  
She had been long in search about  
*Magnano's* wound, to find it out:  
But could find none, nor where the shot  
That had so startled him was got.  
But having found the worst was past;  
She fell to her own work at last.  
The pillage of the Prisoners,  
Which all in feat of Arms was hers:  
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,  
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew  
To succor him; for as he bow'd  
To help him up, she laid a load

Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield *scondrel* base, (quoth she) or dye;  
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty.

But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,

To try thy fortune o're a fresh,  
I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,

Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:

And if thou hast the heart to try't,

I'll lend thee back thy self awhile.

And once more for that carcass vile.

Fight upon tick—Quoth *Hudibras*,

Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,

And I shall take thee at thy word.

First let me rise, and take my sword;

That sword which has so oft this day  
Through Squadrons of my foes made may,  
And some to other worlds dispatcht,  
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,  
Will blush with bloud ignoble stain'd,  
By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,  
Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis  
To interrupt a Victor's course,  
B' opposing such a trivial force.  
For if with Conquest I come off,  
( And that I shall do sure enough )  
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,  
By law of Arms, in such a case;  
Both which I now do offer freely.  
I scorn ( quoth she ) thou Coxcomb filly,

(Clapping

( Clapping her hand upon her breech,  
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)  
 Quarter or Counsel from a foe:  
 If thou canst force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be fed,  
 When I have once more won thy head,  
 I took thee napping unprepared,  
 Arm, and betake thee to thy Guard.

This said, she to her Tackle fell,  
 And on the *Knight* let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,  
 That he retir'd and follow'd 's bum.  
 Stand to't. ( quoth she ) or yield to mercy  
 It is not fighting *Arsie-verse*  
 Shall serve thy turn-- This stirr'd his spleen  
 More then the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
Although th' already made him reel.  
Honour, despight, revenge and shame,  
At once unto his stomach came;  
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm  
Above his Head, and rain'd a storm  
Of blows so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hush her quick.  
But she upon her truncheon took them,  
And by oblique diversion broke them;  
Waiting an opportunity  
To pay all back with usury:  
Which long she fail'd not of for now  
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow  
Resolving to decide the fight,  
And she with quick and cunning flight  
Avoiding it, the force and weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,

As

As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
 No sooner she th' advantage found,  
 But in she flew, and seconding  
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
 She laid him flat upon his side,  
 And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,  
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come  
 Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.  
 Say, will the Law of Arms allow  
 I may have Grace, and Quarter now?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 And stain thine Honor, then thy Sword.  
 A Man of War to damn his Soul,  
 In basely breaking his Parole.  
 And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd  
 To give no Quarter in cold blood:  
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,  
 To make m' against my will take quarters.

M

Why

Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;  
 Thou and thy Stars have cast me down:  
 My Laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:  
 My loss of Honour's great enough,  
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff;  
 Sarcasmes may eclipse thine own,  
 But cannot blur my lost renown:  
 I am not now in Fortune's power,  
 He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The ancient *Hero's* were illustrious  
 For b'ng benigne, and not blustrous,  
 Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords  
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;  
 And did in fight but cut work out  
 T'employ their courtesies about.



Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,  
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd  
As thou didst vow to deal with me,  
If thou hadst got the Victory;  
Yet I shall rather act a part  
That suits my Fame, then thy desert.  
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside  
All that's on the outside of thy Hide,  
Are mine by military Law,  
Of which I will not bate one straw:  
The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,  
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late  
For me to treat or stipulate;  
What thou Commandst I must obey:  
Yet those whom I expugn'd to day, •

Of thine own party, I let go,  
And gave them life and freedom too;  
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,  
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they  
Let one another run away,  
Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?  
*Crowdero*, whom in Irons bound,  
Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's pound*  
Where still he lies, and with regret  
His generous Bowels rage and fret.  
But now thy carcass shall redeem,  
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did straight submit,  
And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next

Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,  
 And with it did himself resign.  
 She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The Mantle that she wore, said jestin'g,  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
 Then threw it o're his sturdy back.  
 And as the *French* we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,  
 The length of Breeches, and the gathers,  
 Port-cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;  
 Just so the proud insulting Lads  
 Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst  
 In hurry of the fight dispers'd,  
 Arriv'd, when *Trulla*'d won the day,  
 To share in th' Honor and the Prey,

And out of *Hudibras* his Hide  
With vengeance to be fatisfy'd;  
Which now they were about to pour  
Upon him in a wooden shower.  
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,  
And striding o're his back agen,  
She brandisht o're her head his sword,  
And vow'd they should not break her word;  
Sh' had given him quarter, and her bloud  
Or theirs should make their quarter good:  
For she was bound by Law of Arms,  
To see him safe from further harms.  
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast  
By *Hudibras* as yet lay fast,  
Where to the hard and ruthless stones  
His great Heart made perpetual mones  
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*  
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This

This stopt their fury, and the basting  
Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.  
They thought it was but just and right,  
That what she had achiev'd in fight,  
She should dispose of how she pleas'd :  
*Crowdero* ought to be releas'd ;  
Nor could that any way be done  
So well as this she pitcht upon :  
For who a better could imagine ?  
This therefore they resolv'd to engage in.  
The *Knight* and *Squire* first they made  
Rise from the ground where they were laid ;  
Then mounted both upon their Horses,  
But with their Faces to the *Artes*.  
*Orsin* led *Hudibras's* beast,  
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,

Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*  
 And *Colon* waited as a guard on,  
 All push'ring *Trulla*, in the rear  
 With th' Arms of either prisoner,  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,  
 Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,  
 Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still,  
 Thither with greater speed, then shows  
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes  
 Doubt' allow, or then the *Bears*  
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,  
 In order Soldier-like contriv'd,  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for Battel as for Muster.  
 The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,

They

They all advanc'd, and round about  
 Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*,  
*Magnan'* led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter  
 For he was skilful in *Black art*  
 No less then he that built the Fort;  
 And with an Iron Mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden Dungeon found  
*Crowder* laid upon the ground.  
 Him they release from durance base,  
 Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage.  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,  
 And in the self-same Limbo put  
 The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.

Where

Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,  
 Their bangs and durand to handle,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
 Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow's  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras* who scorn'd to stoop  
 To Fortune, or be said to stoop,  
 Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,  
 And Sayings of Philosophers,  
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his mind  
 Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd;  
 And cannot be sold by the heels;  
 What e're the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty  
 That makes Men prisoners or free;

Where

But



But perturbations that possess  
The Mind or *Æquanimities*.  
The whole world was not half so wide  
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd  
Because he had but one to subdue,  
As was a paultry narrow tub to  
*Diogenes*, who is not fed  
(For ought that ever I could read)  
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob  
Because h' had ne'r another *Tub*.  
The Ancients make two several kinds  
Of Prowess in heroick minds,  
The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant;  
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:  
For both to give blows and to carry,  
In fights are equeneccessary;  
But in defeats, the *Passive* stout  
Are always found to stand it out

Most

Most desp'rarely, and to out-doe  
The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.  
Though we with blacks and blews are fuggil'd,  
Or, as the vulgar say are cudgel'd:  
He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
Though drubb'd can lose no honour by't.  
Honour's a lease for Lives to come,  
And cannot be extended from  
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,  
Not to be forfeited in Battel.  
If he that in the field is slain,  
Be in the Bed of Honour lain:  
He that is beaten may be fed  
To lye in Honour's Truckle-bed.  
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun  
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
Then when adorn'd with all his light  
He shines in Serene Sky most bright:

So Valour in a low estate  
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know  
We may by being beaten grow ;  
But none that see how here we sit,  
Will judge us overgrown with wit,  
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by  
A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply  
*Illumination* can convey  
Into them what they have to say,  
But not how much ; so well enough  
Know you to charge, but not draw off.  
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,  
Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,  
And might with Honour have come off,  
Would put it to a second proof:

A politick exploit, right fit  
For *Presbyterian* Zeal and Wit,

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,  
*Ralpho*, thou always harp'st upon:  
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,  
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale  
To take the height on't and explain  
To what degree it is prophane.  
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d'ye call*)  
Thy *light Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*.  
As if *Presbytery* were a standard  
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.  
Dost not remember how this day  
Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,  
That thou couldst prove *Bear-baiting* equal  
With *Synods*, Orthodox and Legal?

Do if thou can'st, for I deny't,  
And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no  
Hard matter for a man to do  
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,  
And could believe it worth his pains.  
But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

*Synods* are mystical *Bear-gardens*,  
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Churchwardens*,  
And other Members of the Court,  
Manage the *Babylomish* sport.  
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,  
Do differ onely in a mere word.  
Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*  
Of carnal Men, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:

Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,  
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies:  
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,  
 The one with Men, the other Beasts,  
 The difference is, The one fights with  
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;  
 And that they bait but *Bears* in this,  
 In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*;  
 Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake  
 For *Gospel-light* and *Conscience* sake;  
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,  
 Instead of *Mastive Dogs* and *Curs*;  
 Then whom th' have less humanity,  
 For these at souls of Men will fly.  
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,  
 Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of *Church-rule* in this latter Age:

As

As is demonstrated at full  
 By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.  
*Bears* naturally are Beasts of prey,  
 That live by Rapine, so do they,  
 What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*  
*Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,*  
 But sev'ral mystick chains they make,  
 To tye poor Christians to the stake?  
 And then set heathen *Officers,*  
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their ears.  
 For to prohibit and dispence,  
 To find out or to make offence,  
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,  
 To play with Souls at fast and loose;  
 To set what Characters they please,  
 And mulcts on Sin or Godliness;  
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order,*  
 By *Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther,*

To make *Presbytery* supream,  
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them;  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their *Consciences*, to turn *Saints*,  
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,  
 When *Saints* Monopolists are made.  
 When pious frauds and holy shifts  
 Are dispensations and gifts,  
 There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

*Synods* are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,  
 A mungrel breed of like pernicious;  
 And growing up became the Sires  
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;  
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight  
 To cast a figure for mens *Light*;

To



To find in lines of Beard and Face,  
The Physiognomy of *Grace*;  
And by the sound and *twang* of *Nose*,  
If all be sound within disclose,  
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,  
As Mentry *Pipkins* by the ringing.  
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,  
Give certain guests at inward *Light*;  
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,  
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear:  
The *Handkerchief* about the neck  
(*Canonical Grabat* of *Smeck*,  
From whom the Institution came,  
When Church and State they set on flame,  
And worn by them as badges then  
Of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)  
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*  
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.

Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion  
That *Grace is founded in Dominion*  
Great *Piety* consists in *Pride* ;  
To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :  
To domineer, and to controul  
Both o're the Body and the Soul,  
Is the most perfect *discipline*  
Of Church-rule, and by *right divine*.  
*Bel* and the *Dragons* Chaplains were  
More moderate then these by far :  
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,  
To get their Wives and Children meat ;  
But these will not be fobb'd off so,  
They must have Wealth and Power too,  
Or else with bloud and desolation  
They'l tear it out o' th' heart o' th' Nation.

Sure

Sure these themselves from Primitive  
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,  
 When *Butchers* were the onely *Clerks*,  
*Elders* and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,  
 Whose *Directory* was to *kill* ;  
 And some believe it is so still.  
 The onely diff'rence is, that then  
 They slaughter'd onely *Beasts*, now *Men*.  
 For then to sacrifice a *Bullock*,  
 Or now and then a *Child* to *Moloch*,  
 They count a vile Abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.  
*Presbytery* does but translate  
 The *Papacy* to a *Free State*,  
 A *Common-wealth* of *Popery*,  
 Where ev'ry *Village* is a *See*  
 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain  
 A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan*:

Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*  
Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon*;  
And ev'ry *Hamlet's* governed  
By's *Holinefs*, the *Church's* *bead*,  
More haughty and severe in's place  
Then *Gregory* and *Boniface*.  
Such Church must (surely) be a *Monster*  
With many heads: for if we conster  
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,  
According to th' *Apostles* mind,  
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*  
With many heads did ride upon;  
Which Heads denote the sinful *Tribe*  
Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-elder*, *Scribe*,  
*Lay-elder*, *Simeon* to *Levi*,  
Whose little finger is as heavy

As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,  
And Bishop-secular. This ZeLOT  
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,  
*clerick* before, and *Lay* behind ;  
A Lawless *Linsy-woolfsy Brother*,  
Half of one Order, half another ;  
A Creature of amphibious nature,  
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water ;  
That always preys on Grace, or Sin ;  
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.  
This fierce Inquisitor has chief  
Dominion over mens Belief  
And Manners ; can pronounce a *Saint*  
Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
When superciliously he lifts  
Through coursest Boulter others gifts.  
For all Men live and judge amiss  
Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.

He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place  
On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,  
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,  
Whose Pastors are but th' Handiwork  
Of his Mechanick Pawes, instilling  
Divinity in them by feeling.  
From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,  
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.  
So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope  
At th' other end the new made *Pope*,

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,  
They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good *Squire*.  
*Festina lente*, not too fast;  
For *haste* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.  
The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make  
Are false, and built upon mistake.

And

And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;  
 And put your Arguments in mood  
 And figure, to be understood,  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination  
 To leave your *Vitilitigation*,  
 And make you keep to th' question close,  
 And argue *Dialekticōs*.

The Question then, to state it first,  
 Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,  
*Synods* or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow  
 To be the worst, and *Synods* thou:  
 But to make good th' Assertion,  
 Thou say'st th' are really *all one*:  
 If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,  
 Why then, *Tantunden dat tantidem*.

For

For if they are the *same*, by course  
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*,  
 But I deny they are the *same*,  
 More then a *Maggot* and I am.  
 That both are *Animalia*,  
 I grant, but not *Rationalia*:  
 For though they do agree in kind,  
 Specifick difference we find.  
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,  
 Then prove *my Horse* is *Socrates*,  
 That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,  
 Thou dost affirm: but I say no:  
 And thus I prove it, in a word,  
 Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impowr'd  
 To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,  
 Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*



Has no such pow'r, *Ergo 'tis none.*  
 And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question  
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;  
 For that was, Whether *Bears* are better  
 Than *Synod-men*, I say *Negatur.*  
 That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,  
 Is held by all: They'r better then.  
 For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four Legs go,  
 As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on Two.  
 'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;  
 But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;  
 Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*  
 Grows o're the Hide of *Presbyter*;  
 Or that his *snout* and *spacious Ears*  
 Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.

A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all  
Most ugly and unnatural,  
Whelpt without form, until the Dam  
Have lickt him into shape and frame;  
But all thy *light* can ne'r evict  
That ever *Synod-man* was lickt;  
Or brought to any other fashion  
Then his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugne thy self and sense, that is,  
Thou wouldst have *Presbyters* to go  
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.  
A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,  
Made up of pieces Heterogene,  
Such as in Nature never met  
*In eodem Subjecto* yet.

Thy

Thy other Arguments are all  
 Supposures, Hypothetical;  
 That do but beg, and we may chuse  
 Either to grant them, or refuse.  
 Much thou hast said, which I know when,  
 And where, thou stol'st from other Men,  
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*  
 Are all but plagiary shifts;) *And*  
 And is the same that *Ranter* sed,  
 That arguing with me, broke my head,  
 And tore a handful of my Beard:  
 The self-same Cavils then I heard,  
 When b'ing in hot dispute about  
 This Controversie, we fell out;  
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
 Will serve to answer thee agen,

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse  
 Of *Humane Learning* you produce;  
*Learning* that Cobweb of the Brain,  
*Profane*, erroneous, and vain;  
 A trade of Knowledge as repleat  
 As others are with fraud and cheat;  
 An Art t'incumber *Gifts* and Wit,  
 And render both for nothing fit;  
 Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,  
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet;  
 A cheat that Scholars put upon  
 Other mens reason and their own;  
 A Fort of Error, to ensconce  
 Absurdity and Ignorance;  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To Truth impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By Art, perplex and intricate:

For

For nothing goes for Sense or Light  
That will not with old rules jump right,  
As if Rules were not in the Schools  
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules

This Pagan, Heathenish invention  
Is good for nothing but Contention.  
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,  
All blows do on the Target light  
So when Men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,  
Until the Fustian stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast

*Out-run the Constable at last ;*  
For thou art fallen on a new  
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But

But to the former opposite,  
 And *contrary as black to white*;  
 Mere *Disparata*, that concerning  
*Presbytery*, this *Human Learning*;  
 Two things I averse, they never yet  
 But in thy rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by *Ratiocination*;  
 Some other time, in place more proper  
 Then this w' are in: therefore let's stop here,  
 And rest our weary'd bones awhile,  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth the latter Friend & said thus.

Out-run the compass at last  
 For the sake of a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as nature,

But



# Annotations

## TO THE

# FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o're as swaddle.

**B**ind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliaments Army, and a Committee-man.

*As Montaigne playing with his Cat.*

*Montaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loosing his time, in playing with her.*

Profoundly skill'd in *Analitique*.

*Analitique* is a part of *Logick*, that teaches to Decline and Construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

A Babylonish Dialect.

A confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* use to express themselves in.

That had the *Orator* who once,

*Demosthenes*, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

He could reduce all things to *Acts*.

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the nicest subtleties, gave them as insignificant Names; as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtler things are render'd they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their definitions of things by *Acts*, the nearer to Nonsense.

where



## Where Truth in person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions, or Images of things ( in the understanding of Man ) into the same state and order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore Aristotle says, *unum quodque sicut se habet secundum esse ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

## Like words congeald in Northern Air.

Some report that in Nova Zemle, and Greenland, Mens words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

## He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous then the various opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise; Sir Walter Rawleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

## By a High-Dutch Interpreter.

Goropius Becanus endeavors to prove that High-Dutch was the Language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

If either of them had a Navel.

*Adam* and *Eve* being Made, and not Conceive'd, and Form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have suppos'd, because they had no need of them.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like *Mahomet*'s were As and Widgeon.

*Mahomet* had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and Inspire him. His As was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow

In Holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phænatick Votaries, there were many in those times.

So

## So Learned Taliacotius, &amp;c.

*Taliacotius* was an Italian Chirurgeon, that found out  
a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

But left the Trade, as many more,  
Have lately done, &c.

*Oliver Cromwel* and *Colonel Pride* had been both Brew-  
ers.

That *Cæsar's* Horse, who as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

*Julius Cæsar* had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Ute-  
batur equo insigni, pedibus prope Humanis, & in modum  
Digitorum ungulis fissis.* Sueton in Jul. Cap. 61.

The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd  
With subtle shreds, a Tract of Land.

*Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land  
as she could compass with an Oxes Hide, which  
O 3 • the

she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground, as serv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

### As the bold *Trojan* Knight seen Hell.

*Aeneas* whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pals to Hell, and Tailors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

### In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.

Talisman is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin by casting their Images in Metal, in a précise minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

*Raymund Lully* interprets *Cabal* out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*, which his Comentator *Cornelius Arrippa*, by over magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

### As far as *Adam's* first Green Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavors to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

And

And much of *Terra Incognita* IT

The Intelligible world could say.

The Intelligible world, is a kind of *Terra del Fata*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

As Learn'd as the wild Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Cambden* in his description of *Ireland*.

In *Rosy Crucian* Love as Learned

As he that *vere Adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy Crucians* is very like the Sect of the antient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

*Vere Adeptus*, is one that has Commenc'd in their Fanatique extravagance.

Thou that with Ale or viler Licquors  
Did'st inspire *Witbers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*.

This *Vickers* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Witbers*, and as able a Poet; He Translated *Virgils Æneides* into as horrible Travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humor, but all men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike. And too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious, and impertinent, the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense express'd in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynarctomarchy.

Cynarctomarchy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such words very great Knowledge is contained: and our Knight as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion,

Or

Or Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the weeding of Corn.

The *Indians* fought for the Truth

Of th' Elephant, and Monkeys Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant, and the Monkeys Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monsieur *Le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worship't it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to indure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

This Rage in them like *Bout-fens*.

*Bout-fens* is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

## As Indian Britains are from Penguins

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white head a *Penguin*; which signify's the same thing in the *Brittish* Tongue: From whence (with other words of the same kind) some Authors have indeed endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are originally deriv'd from the *Brittains*.

## And though his Countrey-men the Huns.

This custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunii Semiruda cuiusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur; quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, ad focum calefaciunt brevi*. Pag. 686.

## —He spous'd in India

## Of Noble House a Lady gay.

This story in *Leblanc*, of a *Bear* that married a *Kings* Daughter, is no more strange then many others in most Travellers; that pass with allowance, for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labor, and observ'd nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

They



They would not suffer the stout'st Dame.  
To swear by *Hercules's* Name.

The old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ad eorum autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune, &c.*

As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favors.

Make that *Sarcasmous scandal* true!

*Abusive*, or insulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Languages, more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-tongue.

And

And is indeed the self-same case

With theirs that swore t' *Et ceteras*.

The Convocation in one of the short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knights Errant) made an Oath to be taken, by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical obedience; in which they injoyn'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with  
*etc.*

Or the French League in which men vow'd,  
 To fight to the last drop of Bloud.

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully Transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more then the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murders of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend; and as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation, So did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Bloud.

## First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd.

Staving and Tayling are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signify there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: though they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

## Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

*Prynne*, *Bastwyck*, and *Barton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Professions of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

## By him that Baited the Popes Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a *Polemick* Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Popes Bull Baited*.

## Canonical Crabat of *Smec*.

*Smectymnius* was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-forth, The Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves express, in that senseless and insignificant

cant word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did); which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

### And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible occasions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more then a perverse humour of wrangling.

**HUDI-**

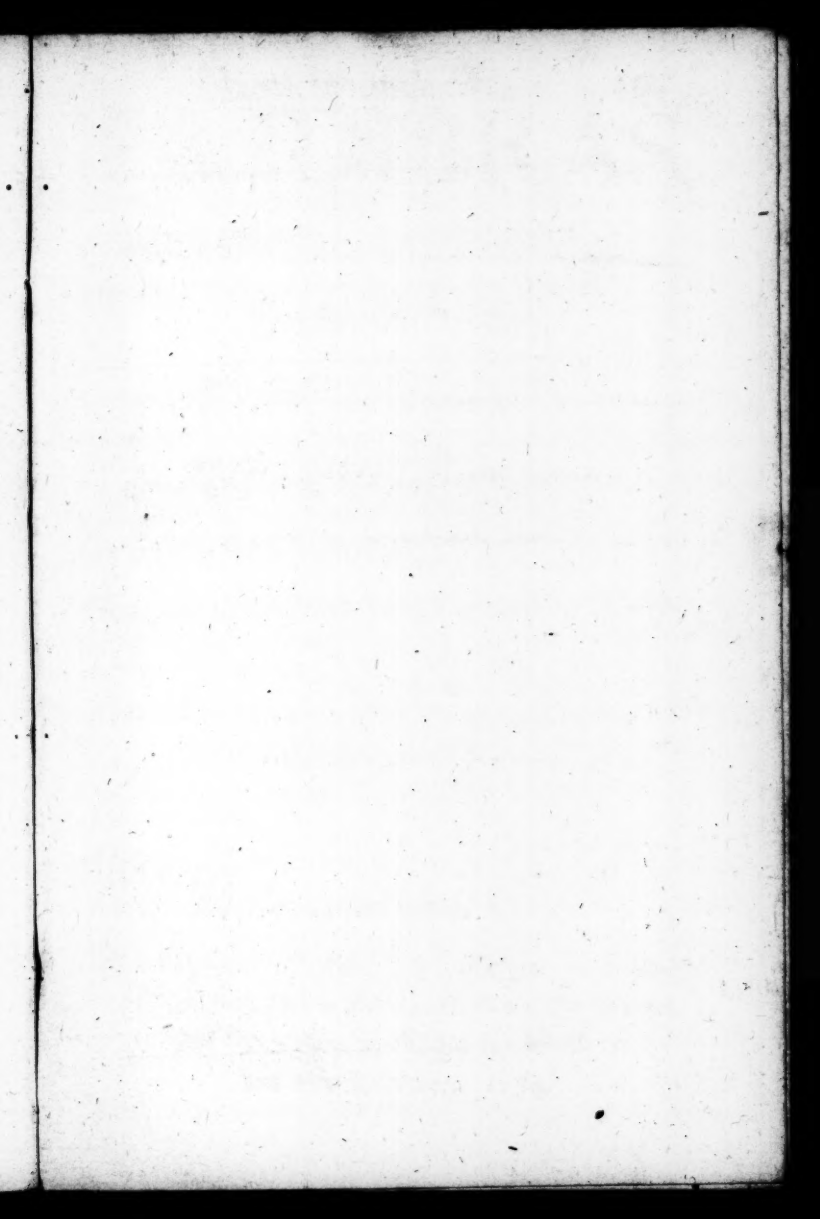
Canonical Crabat of 2000

There was a Club of Uninfluential Holders forth

The Clusters of what names and titles were

by themselves exposed, in that foolish and inglorious

1687





# HUDIBRAS.

---

*The Second Part.*

---

By the Author of the First.

---

CORRECTED & AMENDED,

W I T H

Several Additions and Annotations.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for *John Martyn* and *Henry Herringman*, at the *Bell* in *St. Pauls Churchyard*,  
and the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of  
the *New Exchange*, 1674.

HUBBARD

The Second Part.

By the Author of the First.

CORRECTED & AMENDED

WITH

Several Additions and Annotations.

L O N D O N

Printed by T. M. for John Murray and Son,  
Hertingford, at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-yard,  
and the Author in the Lower Walk of  
the New Exchange, 1694.



*The Second PART of*  
**HUDIBRAS.**

**The Argument of the first CANTO.**

*The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,  
 The last unhappy Expedition,  
 Love brings his Action on the Case,  
 And lays it upon Hudibras.  
 How he receives the Ladies visit,  
 And cunningly solicit s his sute,  
 Which she deferrs: yet on Parol,  
 Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

**CANTO I.**

**B** Ut now t'observe *Romantique* method  
 Let rusty Steel a while be sheathed;  
 And all those harth and rugged sounds  
 Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds  
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,  
 To let our Reader breath a while:

In which that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of *Preface*.  
Is't not enough to make one strange,  
That some mens fancies should ne'r change?  
But make all People do, and say,  
The same things still the self-same way :  
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,  
And *Knights* pursuing like a whirlwind :  
Others make all their *Knights*, in fits  
Of Jealousie, to lose their wits,  
Till drawing bloud o' th' Dames, like Witches,  
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.  
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,  
By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;  
As Cripples do to get an Alms,  
Just so do they, and win their Dames:  
Some force whole Regions, in despight  
O' *Geography*, to change their site:

Make

Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after.  
But those that write in *Rhime*, still make  
The one *Verse* for the others sake :  
For, one for *sense*, and one for *Rhime*,  
I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight  
We lately left the Captiv'd Knight  
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,  
And conjur'd into safe Custody :  
Tyr'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latine*,  
As well as *basting*, and *Bear-baiting*;  
And desperate of any course,  
To free himself by wit or force,  
His onely Solace was, That now  
His dog-bolt Fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend :

In which he found th' event, no less  
 Then other times, beside his guests,  
 There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
 (But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,  
 That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds  
 Her self on Ayr, and eats her words:  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears,  
 Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears  
 And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,  
 Made good by deep *Mythologist*,  
 With these, she through the Welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;  
 With Letters hung like *Eastern* Pidgeons;  
 And *Mercuries* of furthest Regions;  
*Diurnals* writ for Regulation  
 Of Lying, to enform the Nation:  
 And by their Publick use to bring down  
 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom.

About

About her neck a *Pacquet-Male*,  
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale  
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,  
And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to bed:  
Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets Eggs*,  
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs:  
A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,  
By six or seven Men at least.  
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,  
But both of clean contrary tones.  
But whether both with the same Wind,  
Or one before, and one behind,  
We know not; onely this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well.  
And therefore vulgar *Authors* name  
Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.

This tatling *Gossip* knew too well  
What mischief *Hudibras* befel,

And straight the spiteful tidings bears,  
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.  
*Democritus* ne'r laugh'd so loud  
To see *Bands* carted through the crowd,  
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump;  
As she laugh'd out, until her back  
As well as sides, was like to crack.  
She vow'd she would go see the fight,  
And visit the distressed *Knight*,  
To do the office of a Neighbor,  
And be a *Gossip* at his Labour:  
And from his wooden Jayl the Stocks  
To set at large his Fetter-locks,  
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,  
To free him from th' Incharmed Mansion.  
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood  
And Usher, Implements abroad,

Which

Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.  
All which appearing, on she went,  
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:  
And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout *Squire*, in the Pound;  
Both coupled in *Inchanted Tether*,  
By further Leg behind together:  
For as he sate upon his Rump,  
His Head like one in doleful dump,  
Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
Unto his Ears on either side.  
And by him, in another hole,  
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl;  
She came upon him in his wooden  
*Magicians Circle*, on the suddain,  
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjuror,  
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No

No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,  
 But straight he fell into a Fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
 To be seen by her in such a place;  
 Which made him hang the Head, and scowl,  
 And wink, and goggle like an Owl.  
 He felt his Brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the Dame accosted him;  
 This place (quoth she) they say's Inchant'd,  
 And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted;  
 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,  
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;  
 Look, there are two of them appear  
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere:  
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,  
 For *Spectres, Apparitions, Ghosts*  
 With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and some  
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:

But



But if our Eies are not false Glasses,  
That give a wrong account of Faces,  
That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,  
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted,  
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat  
As if 't had lately been in Combat;  
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,  
Howe'r this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard  
To take kind notice of his *Beard*,  
And speak with such respect and honour,  
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* owner,  
He thought it best to set as good  
A Face upon it, as he cou'd,  
And thus he spoke; *Lady*, your bright  
And radiant Eies are in the right:  
The *Beard's* th' Identique *Beard* you knew,  
The same numerically true :

Nor

Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,  
But its Proprietor himself.

Oh Heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?  
I do begin to fear 'tis you :  
Not by your Individual Whiskers,  
But by your Dialect and Discourse ;  
That never spoke to Man or Beast,  
In notions vulgarly exprest.  
But what malignant Star, alas,  
Has brought you both to this sad pass ?

Quoth he, the fortune of the War,  
Which I am less afflicted for,  
Then to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*,  
By you, in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be asham'd,  
For being honourably maim'd ;  
If he that is in battel conquer'd,  
Have any Title to his own *Beard*.

Though

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
It does your visage more adorn,  
Then if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,  
And cut square by the *Russian* Stander.  
A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
That Petticoat about your Shoulders,  
Does not so well become a Souldiers,  
And I 'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Although i' th' reer, your *Beard* the Van led.  
And those uneasy bruises make  
My heart for company to ake,  
To see so worshipful a friend  
I' th' Pillory set, at the wrong end,

Quoth *Hudibras*, this thing call'd *Pain*,  
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)  
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
But meerly as tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
As well in counterfeiting Pain  
As other gross *Phænomena's*,  
In which it oft mistakes the Case,  
But since th' immortal Intellect  
(That's free from Error and Defect,  
Whose objects still persist the same)  
Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
Which nought external can expose  
To gross material bangs or blows :  
It follows, we can ne'r be sure,  
Whether we pain or not endure:  
And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
As by the Fancy is believ'd;  
Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And dy'd of meer opinion straight ;  
Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion nor Discretion.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,  
 That *Mice* (as Histories relate)  
 Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in  
 His Postique parts, without his feeling;  
 Then how is't possible a kick  
 Should e're reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,  
 For one that's basted, to feel pain;  
 Because the *Pangs* his bones endure,  
 Contribute nothing to the Cure:  
 Yet *Honor* hurt, is wont to rage  
 With *Pain* no medicine can assuage.

Quoth he, That *Honor's* very squeemish  
 That takes a basting for a blemish:  
 For what's more honourable then *scars*,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in *Warrs*?  
 Some have been beaten, till they know  
 What Wood a *Cudgell's* of by th' blow;

LnA

Some

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
 A Shooe be *Spanish* or *Neats-Leather* :  
 And yet have met, after long running,  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning,  
 The furthest way about, t' o'recome  
 In th' end does prove the nearest home,  
 By *Laws* of Learned *Duellists*  
 They that are bruise'd with *Wood*, or *Fists*,  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultrons* :  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They'r *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.  
 Th' old *Romans*, freedom did bestow;  
 Our *Princes* worship, with a blow :  
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenatick  
 And testy *Courtiers* with a kick.  
 The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*  
 Or *Potentate*'s to be restor'd

And Pardon'd for some great offence  
With which he's willing to dispenſe,  
Firſt has him laid upon his *Belly*,  
Then beaten *back*, and *ſide*, t' a *Jelly*,  
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,  
And gives thanks for the gracious blows;  
Departs not meanly proud, and boaiſting,  
Of his magnificent *Rib-roaſting*.  
The Beaten *Souldier*, proves moſt manful;  
That like his *ſword*, endures the *Anvil*'s  
And juſtly's held more formidable,  
The more his *Valour*'s malleable.  
But he that fears a *Baſtinado*,  
Will run away from his own ſhadow.  
And though I'm now in *diſtance* faſt;  
By our own *Party* baſely caſt,  
*Ranſome*, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,  
And worſe then by the *Enemy* us'd;

In close *Catapults* shut, past hope  
 Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:  
 As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend:  
 And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their *Breeches*:  
 I'll make this low dejected fate  
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y<sup>e</sup> have almost made me in Love  
 With that which did my pity move;  
 Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights:  
 Th' extreams of *Glorie*, and of *Shame*,  
 Like *East* and *West*, become the same:  
 No *Indian-Prince* has to his *Pallace*  
 More follow'rs then a *Thief* to th' *Gallies*.  
 But if a beating seem so brave,  
 What *Glorie* must a *Whipping* have?



Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail,  
To cast Salt on a *Womans* Tail,  
For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*  
Of *Passive Courage*, were so Gallant;  
As you strain hard, to have it thought  
I could grow *Amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,  
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his *Beard*;  
Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,  
*Wines* work, when *Vines* are in the flour;  
This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,  
And put her boldly to the *Question*.

*Madam*, what you would seem to doubt,  
Shall be to all the world made out,  
How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*,  
And *Magnanimity*, I bear it,  
And if you doubt it to be true,  
I'll stake my *self* down against you:

And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,  
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*  
Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers.  
And though I prais'd your *Valour*, yet  
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*,  
Which if you have, you must needs know  
What, I have told you before now,  
And you b' experiment have prov'd,  
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*  
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*,  
So Cheats to play with those still aim,  
That do not understand the Game.  
*Love* in your heart as idely burns,  
As Fire in antique *Roman-Urns*,  
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light,  
Those only, that see nothing by't.

Have

Have you not power to *entertain*,  
And render *Love* for *love* again?  
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*,  
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?  
Or do you love your self so much,  
To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?  
What *Fate* can lye a greater Curse,  
Then you upon your self would force?  
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say,  
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.  
It is a kind of *Rape* to *Marry*  
One, that neglects, or cares not for ye:  
For, what does make it *Ravishment*,  
But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent*?  
A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,  
For being acted by a *Woman*,  
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us  
To *love* you, that you may despise us?

But though you cannot *love*, you say,  
Out of your own *Fanatique* way,  
Why should you not, at least, allow,  
Those that *love* you, to do so too :  
For, as you fly me, and pursue  
*Love* more averse, so I do you :  
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught,  
To practise what you call a *fault*.  
Quoth she, If what you say be true,  
You must fly me, as I do you,  
But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth he, to bid me not to *love*,  
Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,  
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,  
Or ( when I'm in a fit ) to hickup :  
Command me to piss out the Moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done.

Loves power's too great to be withstood,  
 By feeble humane flesh and blood.  
 'Twas he, that brought upon his knees  
 The Hell'ring Kill-Cow Hercules;  
 Reduc'd his Leager-lions skin  
 To a Petticoat, and made him spin;  
 Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle  
 To a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.  
 'Twas he made Emperor's Gallants  
 To their own Sisters, and their Aunts  
 Set Popes, and Cardinals agog,  
 To play with Pages at Leap-frog;  
 'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,  
 And fluxt the House of many a Burgess;  
 Made those that represent the Nation  
 Submit, and suffer aspersion:  
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal  
 Adjourn to Tubs, at spring and fall.

He mounted *synod-men* and rode 'em  
To *Durty-lane*, and little *Sodom*;  
Made 'em *Corvet*, like *spanish Jenets*  
And take the Ring at *Madam*——  
'Twas he, that made *Saint Francis* do  
More, then the Dev'l could tempt him to;  
In cold and frosty weather, grow  
Enamour'd of a wife of *snow*;  
And though she were of *rigid* temper,  
With melting *flames* accost, and tempt her;  
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,  
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,  
Why is it not forbid our *sex*?  
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,  
For *Diabolical*, and wicked?  
And song, as out of tune, against,  
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the *Saints*?

I find,

I find, I've greater reason for it,  
Then I believ'd before t'abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects  
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects  
Of *Love's* great pow'r, which he returns  
Upon your selves with equal scorns;  
And those who worthy *Lovers* slight,  
Plague's with prepost'rous Appetite;  
This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*  
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;  
And from her greatness stoop so low,  
To be the Rival of a Cow.  
Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,  
To be *Baboens*, and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.  
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow,  
By's Representative a *Negro*,  
'Twas this made *Vestal*-Maids love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd Quick.

Some

Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,  
 To be made *Mistresses*, and *Mothers*;  
 Tis this that *Proudest Dames* enamours  
 On *Lacquies*, and *Varlets des-Chambres*  
 Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,  
 And makes 'em stoop to *Durty Grooms*,  
 To slight the *World*, and to disparage  
*Claps*, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth *She*, these Judgements are severe,  
 Yet such, as I should rather bear,  
 Then trust men with their *Oaths*, or prove  
 Their *faith*, and *secrecie* in *love*:

Says he, There is as weighty reason,  
 For *Secrecie* in *Love* as *Treason*,  
*Love* is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*.  
 That at the *Windore-cie* do's steal in  
 To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey  
 Steals out again a closer way,

Which



Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer,  
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles,  
In Men, as nat'rally as in Char-coals,  
Which sooty Chymists stop in holes,  
When out of Wood, they extract Coles;  
So Lovers should their Passions choak,  
That though they burn, they may not smok,  
'Tis like that sturdy Thief that stole,  
And drag'd Beasts backwards, into's hole;  
So Love does lovers; and us Men  
Draws by the Tayls into his Den;  
That no impression may discover,  
And trace t' his Cave, the wary Lover,  
But if you doubt I should reveal  
What you entrust me under Seal,  
I'll prove my self as close and vertuous,  
As, your own Secretary, *Albertus*.

Quoth

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose :  
*Love-Passions* are like *Parables*,  
 By which Men still mean something else :  
 Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,  
 Money's the *Mythologique* fence,  
 The real substance of the shadow,  
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your *Play*,  
 And how to quit you your own way ;  
 He that will win his *Dame*, must do,  
 As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow* :  
 With one hand thrust the *Lady* from,  
 And with the other pull *her* home.  
 I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great  
 Provocative, to am'rous heat ;  
 It is all *Philters*, and high Diet  
 That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out :

'Tis

'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flower,  
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore:  
 'Tis that by which the *Sun*, and *Moon*,  
 At their own weapons are out-done;  
 That makes *Knight's Errant* fall in trances,  
 And lay about 'em in *Romances*.  
 'Tis *Virtue*, *Wis*, and *Worth*, and all  
 That men *Divine*, and *Sacred* call.  
 For what is *Worth* in any thing,  
 But so much *Money* as 'twill bring;  
 Or what but *Riches* is there known,  
 Which man can solely call his own;  
 In which, no Creature goes his half,  
 Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh*?  
 I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*,  
 I'de have a *Wife*, a second hand;  
 And such you are: Nor is't your person,  
 My stomach's set so *sharp*, and *fierce* on,

baA

But

But tis (your better part) your *Riches*,  
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches;  
 Let me your *fortune* but possess,  
 And settle your person how you please,  
 Or make it o're in trust to th' *Devil*,  
 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better,  
 Then false *Mock-passion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,  
 Or any feat of *quarrel* or *fawning*,  
 But *hanging* of *yourself*, or *drowning*;  
 Your onely way with me, to *break*  
 Your mind, is *breaking* of your *Neck*:  
 For as when *Merchants* break, o'rethrown  
 Like *Ninepins*, they strike others down;  
 So, that would break my *heart*; which done,  
 My tempting *fortune* is your own.  
 These are but trifles; ev'ry *Lover*  
 Will damn himself, over and over,

And

And greater matters undertake,  
For a less worthy *Mistress* sake:  
Yet th' are the onely ways to prove  
Th' unfeign'd realities of Love;  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough,  
For meer experiment, and proof:  
It is no jesting, trivial matter,  
To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water  
And like a Water-witch, try love,  
That's to destroy and not to prove:  
As if a man should be dissected,  
To find what part is disaffected:  
Your better way is to make over  
In trust, your fortune to your Lovers;  
Trust is a Tryal, if it break,  
'Tis not so desperate, as a Neck:

Beside,

Befide, th' *experiment's* more certain,  
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;  
The Soldier do's it ev'ry day  
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay:  
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,  
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools:  
And Merchants ventring through the Main,  
Slight Pirats, Rocks, and Horns for gain,  
This is the way I advise you to,  
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run  
My self all th' hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some *deed*  
Of yours, afore said do precede;  
Give but your self one gentle *swing*,  
For tryal, and I'll cut the *string*:  
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maul,  
Or two, or three, against a Wall;

To

To shew you are a man of mettle,  
And I'll engage my self, to *settle*.

Quoth he, my *Head's* not made of *brass*,  
As *Frier Bacon's* noddle was :  
Nor (like the *Indian's* scull) so tough,  
That, *Authors* say, 'twas *Musket-proof* :  
As it had need to be, to enter,  
As yet, on any new *Adventure*;  
You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,  
That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd :  
But if that's all you stand upon,  
Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose, *Two words* to a *Bargain*,  
That may be done, and time enough.  
When you have given down-right proof;  
And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pike,  
I have to *love*, nor coy *dislike*;

R

'Tis

'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*  
T' your *Conversation*, *Meine*, or *Person* :  
But a just fear, lest you should prove  
False, and perfidious in *Love* ;  
For if I thought you could be *true*,  
I could *love* twice as much as you :

Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*  
As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain ;  
True as *Apollo* ever spoke,  
Or *Oracle* from heart of Oak.  
And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And shine upon me but benignly,  
With that one, and that other *Pigsney*,  
The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,  
Then *Love*, or you, shake off my heart.  
The *Sun* that shall no more dispence  
His own, but *your* bright influence ;



I'll carve your name on *Barks of Trees*, and *blobs*  
 With *True-loves knots*, and *Flourishes*;  
 That shall infuse eternal *spring*,  
 And ever-lasting *flourishing*;  
 Drink every Letter on't, in *stun*;  
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become;  
 Where e'r you tread, your foot shall set  
 The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;  
 All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,  
 Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors*;  
 Nature her *Charter* shall renew,  
 And take all *lives* of things from you;  
 The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,  
 And when you frown upon it, die.  
 Onely our *loves* shall still survive,  
 New *Worlds* and *Natures* to out-live;  
 And, like to *Heralds Moons*, remain  
 All *Crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss;  
 For you will find it a hard *Chapter*,  
 To catch me with *Poétique Rapture*,  
 In which your *Mastery of Art*  
 Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart*:  
 Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,  
 By dint of high *Heroick fustion*:  
 She that with *Poetry* is won,  
 Is but a *Desk* to write upon;  
 And what men say of her, they mean,  
 No more, then that on which they lean,  
 Some with *Arabian spices* strive  
 T' embalm her cruelly alive;  
 Or season her, as *French Cooks* use,  
 Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragusts*;  
 Use her so barbarously ill,  
 To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,

Until

Until the *Facet Doublet* doth  
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her mouth;  
Her mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with  
A row of *Pearl* in't, stead of *Teeth*;  
Others, make *Possies* of her *Cheeks*,  
Where *red*, and *whitest* colours mix;  
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*  
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.  
The *Sun*, and *Moon*, by her bright eyes,  
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*;  
Are but *Black-patches*, that she wears,  
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*.  
By which *Astrologers*, as well  
As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell  
What strange Events they do foreshow  
Unto her Under-world below.  
Her Voice the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,  
So loud, it deafens mortal ears;

As wise *Philosophers* have thought,  
And that's the cause we hear it not.  
This has been done by some, who those  
Th'ador'd in *Rhime* would kick in *Prose*;  
And in those *Ribbins* would have hung,  
Of which melodiously they sung.  
That have the hard *fate*, to write best  
Of those still, that deserve it least;  
It matters not, how *false*, or *forc'd*,  
So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst*;  
It goes for nothing when 'tised,  
Onely the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,  
Whether it be *Swan* or *Goose*  
They level at: So *Shepherds* use  
To set the same *mark* on the *hip*  
Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*.  
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,  
Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*,

The *mark*, which else they ne'r come *nigh*,  
But when they take their aim *awry*.

But I do wonder you should chuse  
This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,  
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
With *Fulhams* of *Poetique fiction*:

I rather hop'd, I should no more  
Hear from you, o' th' *Gallanting* score:

For hard *dry-bastings* use to prove

The readiest Remedies of *Love*,  
Next a *dry-diet*: But if those fail,

Yet this uneasy Loop-hold *Jail*

In which y'are *hamper'd* by the *fet-lock*,

Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*:

*Wedlock*, that's worse then any hole here,

If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;

T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog

Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.

As wise *Philosophers* have thought,  
And that's the cause we hear it not.  
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T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog

Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.

Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,  
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,  
Has freed you from those *knobs*, that grow  
Much harder, on the Marry'd *Brow*:  
But if no dread can cool your *Courage*,  
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;  
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance  
To nobler aims, your *Puissance* :  
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,  
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand  
In that already, with your command :  
For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,  
But in your *Constellation*, meet ?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,  
But *likeness* and *equality* ?  
I know you cannot think me fit,  
To be th' *Yoke-fellow* of your *Wit* :

Nor



Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,  
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts* ;  
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,  
I've not the conscience to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,  
Is mis-inform'd ; I'll state the *Case*.  
A man may be a *Legal Doner*  
Of any thing, whereof he's *Owner* ;  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I' th' Judgment of all *Casuits*:  
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may  
Be ali'nated, and made away,  
By those that are *Proprietors* ;  
As I may give, or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,  
And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you ;  
But whether I may *take*, as well  
As you may *give away*, or sell ?

Buyers

Buyers you know are bid beware;  
And worse then Thieves *Receivers* are.  
How shall I answer *Hue and Cry*,  
For a *Roan-Gelding*, twelve Hands high,  
All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,  
A *forrel-mane* ; can I bring proof,  
Where, when, by whom, & what y'were sold for,  
And in the open *Market* toll'd for?  
Or should I take you for a stray,  
You must be kept a year and day,  
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,  
Where, if y'are sought, you may be found:  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your *Provender* and *Hey*.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
T' *enervate* this *Objection*,  
And prove my self, by *Topique* clear,  
No *Gnel ding*, as you would infer.

Loss of *Virility's* averr'd  
To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,  
That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)  
Abortive on the *Chin* become.  
This first a *Woman* did invent,  
In envy of *Mans* ornament.

*Semiramis* of *Babylon*,  
Who first of all cut men o' th' *Stone* :  
To mar their *Beards*, and laid foundation  
Of *Sow-gildering* operation.

Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,  
*Eunuchs* wear such, or *Gueldings* either.

Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,  
That I can argue, and discourse,  
Have but two *legs*, and ne'r a *tail*.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;  
For some *Philosophers* of late here,  
Write, Men have four legs by *Nature*,

And

And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go  
Erroneously upon but two ;  
As 'twas in *Germany* made good,  
B'a Boy, that lost himself in a *Wood* ;  
And growing down t'a man, was wont  
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.  
As for your reasons drawn from *tayls*,  
We cannot say, they 're true or false,  
Till you explain your self, and show,  
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'l joyn issue on't,  
I'll give you satisfactory account ;  
So you will promise, if you lose,  
To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never shall be done (quoth she )  
To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me :  
For *Tayls* by Natures sure were meant,  
As well as *Beards*, for ornament :

And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,  
 In *man* or *beast*, they are so comely,  
 So *Gentee*, *Allamode*, and handsom,  
 I'll never marry *man* that wants one;  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,  
 You have one equal to your *Mam*,  
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horse*,  
 Ere I'll take you for *better* or *worse*.  
 The *Prince* of *Cambay's* daily food,  
 Is *Aspe*, and *Basilique*, and *Toad*,  
 Which makes him have so strong a breath,  
 Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death;  
 Yet I shall rather lye in's *Arms*,  
 Than yours, on any other *tearms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,  
 I shall produce upon my word;  
 And if she ever gave that *boon*  
 To man, I'll prove that I have one;

I mean,

I mean, by *postulate Illation*,  
When you shall offer just occasion;  
But since y' have yet deny'd to give  
My Heart, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,  
But made it sink down to my heel,  
Let that at least your pity feel,  
And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,  
Give its poor Entertainer *quarter*;  
And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prise* grant  
Delivery from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg  
Stuck in a hole here like a Peg,  
And if I knew which way to do't,  
(Your Honour safe) I'd let you out.  
That *Dames* by *Jail-delivery*  
Of *Errant Knights* have been set free,  
When by *Enchantment* they have been,  
And sometimes for it too, laid in;

Is that which *Knights* are bound to do  
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too :  
For what are they *renown'd* and *famous* else,  
But aiding of distressed *Damosels* ?  
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*,  
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant  
In any Authentical *Romance*,  
Or *Classique Author* yet of *France* :  
And I'd be loath to have you break  
An Ancient *Custom* for a freak,  
Or *Innovation* introduce  
In place of things of *antique* use ;  
To free your heels by any course,  
That might b' unwholesome to your *Spurs* :  
Which if I should consent unto,  
It is not in my power to do ;  
For 'tis a service must be done yee,  
With solemn previous Ceremony.

Which

Which always has been us'd t'untie  
The *Charms* of those who here do lie ;  
For as the *Antients* heretofore  
To *Honor's Temple* had no dore,  
But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay ;  
So, from this *Dungeon*, there's no way  
To honour'd freedom, but by passing  
That other *Virtuous School of Lashing*;  
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,  
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,  
In which they for a while are *Tenants*,  
And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance* :  
*Whipping*, that's *Virtues* Governess,  
Tutrefs of *Arts* and *Sciences* ;  
That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature* ,  
And puts new life into dull matter ;  
That lays foundation for *Renown* ,  
And all the *honors* of the *Gown* :

This



This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
And freed with honour'ble discharge:  
Then in their *Robes the Penitentials*,  
Are streight presented with *Credentials*,  
And in their way attended on  
By *Magistrates* of every Town;  
And all respect, and charges paid,  
They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.  
Now if you'l venture for my sake,  
To try the toughness of your *back*,  
And suffer (as the rest have done)  
The laying of a *Whipping* on,  
(And may you prosper in your suit,  
As you with equal vigour do)  
I here engage to be your *Bayl*,  
And free you from the *Unknightly Jayle*.  
But since our *poor* modesty  
Will not allow I should be by,

thi W

S

Bring

Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,  
 And *honour* too, when you have don't;  
 And I'll admit you to the place,  
 You claim *as due* in my good grace,  
 If *Matrimony*, and *Hanging* go  
 By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?  
 What med'cine else can cure the *fits*  
 Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?  
*Love* is a *Boy*, by *Poets* styl'd,  
 Then *Spare the Rod*, and *spill the Child*,  
 A *Persian* Emp'rour whip'd his *Grannum*,  
 The *Sea*, his Mother *Venus* came on;  
 And hence some *Reverend* men approve  
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*,  
 As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tube*  
 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* *Dubs*;  
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good  
 A *Grace*, perform'd in *Time* and *Moods*

With comely movement, and by *Art*,  
Raife Passion in a *Lady's* heart ?  
It is an easier way, to make  
*Love* by, then that which many take.  
Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,  
Then swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribbin* ?  
Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,  
And spell Names over, with *Beer-glasses* ?  
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*  
*Loves* Sacrifice, and all a *lie* ?  
With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,  
And whining *Plays*, lay baits for *Hearts* ?  
Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,  
To break no *Roguish jeasts* upon yee ?  
For *Lillies* limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,  
With painted perfumes, hazard *Noses* ?  
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
Do penance in a *Paper Lanthorn* ?

All this you may compound for, now  
 By suffering what I offer you :  
 Which is no more then has been done,  
 By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago :  
 Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so  
 For the *Infanta Del Taboso* ?  
 Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make  
 Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake ?  
 And with *Buls-pizzle*, for her love,  
 Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove* ?  
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool  
 His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,  
 Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick Bum*  
 For her sake suffer *Martyrdom* ?  
 Did not a certain *Lady* whip,  
 Of late, her Husband's own *Lordship* ?  
 And though a *Grande* of the *House*,  
 Clawd him with *Fundamental* blows,

Ty'd

Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,  
 And fir'd his hide as if th' had rid post;  
 And after in the *Sessions-Court*,  
 Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had honour for't?  
 This *swear* you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' *Inchanted Den*,  
 And the *Magician Circle* clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,  
 And will perform what you enjoy'n,  
 Or may I never see you *mint*.

Amen (quoth she) Then turn'd about,  
 And bid her *Squire* let him out.  
 But ere an *Artist* could be found  
 T' undo the *Charms* another bound,  
 The *sun* grew low, and left the Skies,  
 Put down (some write) by *Ladies eyes*.  
 The *Moon* pull'd off her vail of Light,  
 That hides her face by day from sight,

(Mysterious Vail, of brightness made,  
That's both her lustre, and her shade)  
And in the Night as freely shon,  
As if her Rays had been her own;  
For Darkness is the proper Sphere,  
Where all false Glories use t' appear.  
The twinkling Stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,  
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,  
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd,  
Our *Vot'ry* thought it best t' adjourn  
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,  
And not to carry on a *Work*  
Of such importance, in the Dark,  
With erring haste, but rather stay,  
And do't in th' open face of *Day*,  
And in the meantime, go in quest  
Of next *Retreat* to take his Rest,

The

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# CANTO II.

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## THE A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,  
Within an Ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange Alarm, and stranger sight ;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

---



Is strange how some men's  
Temper suit  
(Like *Bawl* and *Brandee*)  
with Dispute,  
That for their own *Opinions* stand fast,  
Onely to have them claw'd and canvast.

That kept their *Consciences* in Cases,  
 As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*,  
 Ne'r to be us'd but when they'r bent  
 To play a fit for *Argument*.  
 Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,  
 Of nouse but to be discust.  
 Dispute and set a *Paradox*,  
 Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully,  
 Then *Helmont*, *Montaigne*, *White*, or *Tully*,  
 So th'antient *Stoicks* in their Porch,

With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,  
 Beat out their *Braids* in fight and study,  
 To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*,  
 That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,  
 Made good with stout *Polemique* Brail:  
 In which, some hundreds on the place  
 Were slain outright, and many a face



Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,  
 To maintain what their *Self* averr'd,  
 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the *sequel* shall be shown.  
 The Sun had long since in the *Lap*  
 Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,  
 And like a *Lobster* boyl'd, the *Morn*  
 From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,  
 Began to rub his drowsie eyes,  
 And from his *Couch* prepar'd to rise;  
 Resolving to dispatch the *Deed*  
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.  
 But first, with knocking loud and bauling,  
 He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* telling,

And,

And, after many Circumstances,  
 Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*,  
 Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,  
 To make impertinent Description ;  
 They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,  
 And to the *Castle* bent their Course,  
 In which, he to the *Dame* before  
 To suffer *whipping* Duty swore :  
 Where now arriv'd, and half-unharnest,  
 To carry on the work in earnest,  
 He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new *Scruple* in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after sed ;  
 Whether it be direct *infringing*  
 An *Oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' *Equivocation* swear ;

Or

Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*,  
 To be forsworn, then act the thing,  
 Are deep and subtle *points*, which must,  
 T' inform my Conscience, be discuss.  
 In which to *err* a tittle, may  
 To *errors* infinite make way:  
 And therefore I desire to know  
 Thy *Judgment*, ere we further go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, since you do injoyn't  
 I shall enlarge upon the *Point*,  
 And for my own part do not doubt  
 Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.  
 But first to *state* the *Case* aright,  
 For best advantage of our light;  
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *Sin*,  
 To *claw* and *curry* your own *skin*  
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,  
 And that you are forsworn, forswear,

But first, o' th, first : The *Inward Man*,  
 And *Outward*, like a *Glan* and *Glan*,  
 Have always been at Daggers-drawing,  
 And one another Clapper-clawing :  
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,  
 But in a Spiritual *Mystique* sence,  
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
 In litteral fray, 's abominable :  
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use,  
 With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,  
 To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewels* :  
 Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,  
 And mungrel *Christians* of our times,  
 That expiate less with greater *Crimes*,  
 And call the soul *Abomination*,  
*Contrition*, and *Mortification*.  
 Is't not enough w're bruis'd and kicked,  
 With sinful members of the wicked ;

Our

Our Vessels, that are *sanctifi'd*,  
*Profan'd* and *curri'd*, back and side;  
 But we must claw ourselves, with shameful,  
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
 Is *impious*, because they did it.  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A *heinous* sin. Now to the second;  
 That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*  
 To *swear* and *forswear*, on occasion;  
 I doubt not, but it will appear,  
 With pregnant light. The point is clear.  
*Oaths* are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,  
 Too feeble implements to *bind*;  
 And hold with *deeds* proportion; so  
 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.  
 Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit  
 The *weaker Vessel* should submit:

Although

Although your *Church* be opposite  
 To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White*,  
 In *Rule* and *Order*: Yet I grant  
 You are a *Reformado Saint*;  
 And what the *Saints* do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a Title to:  
 But *Saints*, whom *Oaths*, or *Vows* oblige,  
 Know little of their *Privilege*,  
 Further (I mean) then carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own.  
 For if the *Dev'l*, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell *Truth*; why the *Saints* should scorn  
 When it serves theirs, to *swear*, and *lie*,  
 I think, there's little reason why:  
 Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,  
 Which 'twere impiety to say.  
 W're not commanded to forbear,  
 Indefinitely, at all to *swear*,

But

But to *swear* idly, and in vain,  
Without self-interest or gain.  
For, breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,  
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,  
A *Saint-like-virtue*, and from hence,  
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:  
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,  
*Perjur'd* themselves, and broke their word:  
And this, the constant *Rule* and *Practise*  
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.  
Was not the *Cause* at first begun  
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?  
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,  
But, in due time and place, they broke?  
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,  
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter *models*, for  
The present use of *Church* and *War*?

Did,

Although your *Church* be opposite  
To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White*,  
In *Rule* and *Order*: Yet I grant  
You are a *Reformado Saint*;  
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,  
You may pretend a *Title* to:  
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths*, or *Vows* oblige,  
Know little of their *Privilege*,  
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 The present use of *Church* and *War*?  
 Did!

Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,  
 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?  
 For having freed us, first, from both  
 Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremacy-Oath*;  
 Did they not, next, compel the *Nation*,  
 To take, and break the *Protestation*?  
 To swear, and after to recant  
 The *solemn League and Covenant*?  
 To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,  
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?  
 Did they not swear at first, to fight  
 For the *KING's Safety*, and His *Right*?  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with *Horse and Foot*?  
 And yet still had the confidence,  
 To swear, It was in His *defence*?  
 Did they not swear to *live* and *die*  
 With *Essex*, and straight laid him by?

If that were all, for some have *swore*  
As false as they, if th' did no more.  
Did they not *swear* to maintain *Law*,  
In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?  
For *Protestant Religion Vow*,  
That did that *Vowing* disallow?  
For *Priviledge of Parliament*,  
In which that *swearing* made a *Rent*?  
And, since, of all the *three* not one  
Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
Did they not *swear*, in exprefs words,  
To prop and back the *House of Lords*?  
And after turn'd out the whole *House-ful*  
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?  
So *Cromwel* with deep *Oaths*, and *Vows*,  
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *House*,  
Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,  
I marry would they at their Command.

T

And

And troul'd 'em on, and *swore*, and *swore*,  
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*;  
This tells us plainly, what they thought,  
That *Oaths* and *swearing* go for nought.  
And that by them th' were onely meant,  
To serve for an *Expedient*.

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,  
But to flur Men of what they fought for.  
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one  
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;  
And if that go for nothing, why  
Should *Private faith* have such a tye?

*Oaths* were not purpos'd more then *Law*,  
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,  
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*  
Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*.

A *Saint's* of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*:  
And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,

But

But on the *Gospel* of his *Honor*,  
Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;  
It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,  
And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,  
But a meer *Ceremony*, and a breach  
Of nothing, but a form of speech,  
And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
Then meer *saluting* of the *Book*.  
Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,  
They'r but *Commissions* of Course,  
And *Saints* have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em, as they please;  
Or misinterpret them, by *private*  
*Instructions*, to all *Aims* they drive at.  
Then why should we our selves *abridge*,  
And *Curtail* our own *Priviledge*?  
*Quakers* (that like to *Lanthorns*, bear  
Their light within 'em) will not *swear*.

Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,  
By which they construe *Conscience*,  
And hold no *sin* so deeply red,  
As that of breaking *Priscian's* head  
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,  
That stirring *Hats* held worse then murder)  
These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*  
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;  
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will,  
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;  
But they are weak, and little know  
What Free-born *Consciences* may do.  
'Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,  
That makes all humane actions evil:  
For *Saints* may do the same things by  
The *Spirit*, in *Sincerity*,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the Devils instance do;

And

And yet the Actions be contrary,  
Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.  
For as on land there is no *Beast*,  
But in some *Fish* at Sea's exprest,  
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,  
Of which the *Saints* have not a spice ;  
And yet that thing that's *pious* in  
The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.  
Is 't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,  
A *Saint* should be a slave to *Conscience*?  
That ought to be above such Fancies,  
As far, as above *Ordinances*.  
She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,  
B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress* ;  
And though, like *Constables*, we search  
For false Wares, one anothers *Church* :  
Yet all of us hold this for true,  
No Faith is to the *Wicked* due ;

For

For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,  
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,  
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew  
Those *Mysteries*, and *Revelations*;  
And therefore *Topical Evasions*  
Of subtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sense,  
Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,  
Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,  
And *Presbyterians*, for excuse,  
Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen  
To find their *Churches* taken napping:  
As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,  
And either way admits a *scruple*,  
And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,  
More criminal, then th' injur'd *Taker*.  
For he that strains too far a *Vow*,  
Will break it like an o're-bent *Bow*:

And



And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,  
Not he that for convenience took it:  
A broken Oath is, *quatenus* Oath,  
As sound t' all purposes of Troath,  
As broken *Laws* are n're the worse,  
Nay till th' are broken, have no force,  
What's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,  
That never comes within their Claws?  
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,  
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,-  
Until they'r broken, and then touch  
Those only that do make them such.  
Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,  
By men in *Prison* made, for Good;  
For when they'r set at *liberty*,  
They'r from th' *Engagement* too, set free:  
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*  
Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,

Which afterward he found untoward,  
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;  
Any three other *Jews* o' th' Nation,  
Might free him from the *Obligation* :  
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,  
A greater *Privilege* then three *Jews* ?  
The *Court of Conscience*, which in *Man*  
Should be *supream* and *Soveraign* :  
Is't fit, should be *subordinate*,  
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' State,  
And have less Power then the *lesser*,  
To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure ?  
Have it's proceedings disallow'd, or  
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder* ?  
Tell all it does, or does not know,  
For swearing *ex officio* ?  
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*.

Discover

Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,  
*Priests*, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nuisance* ;  
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,  
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-ful.  
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,  
To help it self at a dead list ?  
Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*  
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation ?  
Have equal power to adjourn  
Appoint *Appearance* and *Retorn* ?  
And make as nice distinctions serve  
To split a Case ; as those that carve  
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joynts,  
Why should not tricks as slight, do points ?  
Is not th' *High-Court of Justice* sworn  
To judge that Law that serves their turn ?  
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,  
And fix 'em whomsoe're they please on ?

Canno

Cannot the *Learned Council* there  
Make Laws in any shape appear?  
Mould 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,  
When they make *Pictures* to destroy?  
And vex 'em into any form,  
That fits their purpose to do harm?  
Rack 'em until they do confess,  
Impeach of Treason, whom they please,  
And most perfidiously condemn,  
Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?  
And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*!  
Can they not juggle, and with slight  
Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right*;  
And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear,  
As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?  
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*.  
The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge;

As

As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*  
Will sev'ral different courses sail ;  
As when the *Sea* breaks o're its bounds,  
And overflows the level grounds ;  
Those *Banks* and *Dams*, that like a *Screen*,  
Did keep it out, now keep it in :  
So when *Tyrannical Usurpation*  
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,  
The *Laws* o' th' Land that were intended  
To keep it out, are made defend it.  
Do's not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry man *swear*,  
What makes best for him, in his Answer ?  
Is not the winding up *Witnesses*,  
And nicking more then half the bus'ness ?  
For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go  
Just as they'r set, too fast or slow.  
And wherein *Conscience*, th' are streit-lac'd ;  
Tis ten to one, that side is cast.

Do

Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*  
 As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it ?  
 And as they please make *Matter of Fact*  
 Run all on one side, as th' are pack't ?  
 Nature has made Mans breast no *Windores*,  
 To publish what he does within dores ;  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
 If *Oaths* can do a man no good,  
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd  
 In other matters do him hurt,  
 I think there's little reason for't.  
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it,  
 Not he, that for convenience takes it :  
 Then how can any man be said,  
 To break an *Oath* he never made ?  
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly  
 To th' *Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly* ;

Bu<sup>t</sup>  
 Bu

But if they will not serve to clear

My *Honor*, I am ne'r the near.

*Honor* is like that glassy Bubble

That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,

Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly

And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honor's but a Word,

To swear by only, in a *Lord* :

In other men 'tis but a Huff,

To vapour with, instead of proof,

That like a *Wen*, looks big, and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will

It has the *World's* opinion still.

But as Men are not *Wise* that run

The slightest *hazard*, they may shun :

There may a *Medium* be found out

To clear to all the *World* the doubt ;

And

And that is, if a man may do't  
By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear,  
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.  
That *Sinners* may supply the place  
Of suff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Case*.  
*Justice* gives *Sentence*, many times,  
On one man for another's *Crimes*,  
Our Brethren of *New-England* use  
Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,  
And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,  
Of whom the *Churches* have less need.  
As lately 't happen'd: in a *Town*,  
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,  
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,  
And mend mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.  
This precious *Brother* having slain,  
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,

(Not



(Not out of *Malice* but meer *Zeal*  
 Because he was an *Infidel*)  
 The mighty *Tottipotymoy*  
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,  
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*  
 Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,  
 Against the *Articles* in force  
 Between both *Churches*, his, and ours,  
 For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render  
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender* :  
 But they maturely having weigh'd,  
 They had no more but him o' th' *Trade*,  
 ( A man, that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity to *Teach*, and *Cobble* )  
 Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do  
 The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too  
 Impartial justice ; in his *Head* did  
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was *Bed-rid*.

Then

Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,  
And in your room another whip'd:  
For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,  
Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,  
Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,  
And canst in *Conscience*, not refuse,  
From thy own *Doctrine*, to raise *Use*:  
I know thou wilt not ( for my sake )  
Betender-*Conscienc'd* of thy back :  
Then strip thee of thy *Carnal-Jerk*,  
And give thy *outward-fellow* a *ferking*.  
For when thy *Vessel*, is new hoop'd,  
All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralph*, You mistake the matter,  
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The *Point* upon his own *Concerns*.

As

As no man of his own self catches,  
The *Itch*, or amorous *French-aehes*;  
So no man does himself convince  
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.  
And though all cry down *Self*, none means  
His own self in a *literal Sense*.  
Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,  
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,  
For one man, out of his own Skin,  
To frisk and whip another's *Sin* :  
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches  
Do claw and curry their own *Itches*.  
But in this Case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain :  
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,  
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;  
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whip'd you :  
 For when with your consent 'tis done,  
 The *Aff* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain  
 (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;  
 Or, like the Stars, incline men to  
 What they'r averse themselves to do.  
 For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,  
 'Tis *Interest* still resolves the doubt.  
 But since no reason can confute yee,  
 I'll try to force you to your *Duty* ;  
 For so it is, how e'r you mince it,  
 As e'r we part, I shall evince it ;  
 And *curry* (if you stand out) whether  
 You will or no, your *stubborn Leather*.  
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,  
 I' th' publick *Work*, base as thou art ?

To higgle thus, for a few blows,  
 To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Sponse*;  
 Whose *wealth*, his *bowels* yearn to purchase,  
 Meerly for th' Interest of the *Churches*,  
 And when he has it in his claws,  
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;  
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,  
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:  
 If not, resolve before we go,  
 That you and I must pull a Crow.

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Antients*,  
 Say wisely, *Have a care o' th' main chance*,  
*And look before you ere you leap*,  
*For, as you sow, you're like to reap*.  
 And were y' as good as *George a Green*,  
 I shall make bold to turn agen;  
 Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*  
 In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.

Is't fitting for a man of *Honor*  
To whip the *Saints* like *Bishop Bonner*?  
A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadles* Office,  
For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies*:  
But I advise you (not for fear,  
But for your own sake) to forbear,  
And for the *Churches* which may chance  
From hence, to spring a variance;  
And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,  
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.  
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,  
We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*,  
Trappan'd your Party with *Intregue*,  
And took your *Grandeers* down a peg.  
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*  
All that to *Legion SMEC* adher'd,  
Made a meer *Utenfill* o' your *Church*,  
And after left it in the lurch

A Scaffold to build up our own;  
 And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down,  
 O're reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,  
 And snap'd their *Cannons* with a *Why-not*.  
 (Grave *Synod-men*, that were rever'd  
 For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)  
 Their *Classique-model* prov'd a Maggot  
 Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*.  
 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a *Kitten*,  
 On which th' had been so long a sitting;  
 Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,  
 Grown out of Date, and *Obsolete*,  
 And all the *Saints* 'o the first *Grass*,  
 As Castling *Foles* of *Balams Ass*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in *Chafe*,  
 And staring furiously on *Ralph*,  
 He trembled and look'd pale with *Ire*,  
 Like *Ashes* first, then *Red* as *Fire*.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in fight,  
And for so many *Moons* lay'n by'r;  
And when all other means did fail,  
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*:  
Not but they thought me worth a *Ransom*,  
Much more considerable and handsom,  
But for their own sakes, and for fear,  
They were not safe, when I was there?  
Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,  
An upstart *Señ'ry* and a *Mungr'l*,  
Such as breed out of peccant humours  
Of our own *Church*, like Wens, and Tumours;  
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,  
Would that which gave it life, devour,  
't never shall be done, nor said:  
th that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*.  
And *Ralpho* too, as quick, and bold,  
Upon his *Basket-bilt* laid hold,

With



With equal readiness prepar'd,  
 To draw and stand upon his Guard.  
 When both were parted on the sudden,  
 With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one;  
 As if all sorts of *Noise* had been  
 Contracted into one loud *Din*;  
 Or that some Member to be chosen,  
 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand*;  
 And by the greatness of his noise,  
 Prov'd fittest for his *Countrys* choice.  
 This strange surprisal put the *Knight*,  
 And wrathful *Squire*, into a fright;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,  
 Impetuous rancour, to joyn *Battel*;  
 Both thought it was their wisest course,  
 To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse*;  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 Themselves from danger of worse *beating*.

Yet neither of them would disparage  
By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage  
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground  
With horror and disdain, wind-bound:  
And now the cause of all their fear,  
By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
They might distinguish diff'rent noise  
Of Horns, and Pans, and Dogs, and Bays;  
And Kettle Drums, whose sullen Dub  
Sounds like the hooping of a Tub:  
But when the sight appear'd in view,  
They found it was an antique Show,  
A Triumph, that for Pomp, and State,  
Did proudest Romans emulate;  
For as the Aldermen of Rome  
For foes at Training overcome,  
And not enlarging Territory,  
(As some mistaken write in Story)

Being

Being mounted in their best Array,  
Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?  
And follow'd with a world of *Tall-Lads*,  
That merry *Ditties* trof'd, and *Ballads*,  
Did ride, with many a good morrow,  
Crying, *hey for our Town* through the *Burrough*  
So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,  
They might particulars descry,  
They never saw two things so Pat,  
In all respects, as this, and that.  
First, He that led the *Cavalcate*,  
Wore a *Sowgelder's Flagellate*,  
On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,  
As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.  
When over one anothers Heads,  
They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweads*,  
Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,  
From *Trebles* down to *double-Bass*,

And

And after them upon a *Nag*,  
That might pass for a forehand Stag,  
A *Cornet* rod, and on his Staff,  
A Smock display'd, did proudly wave.  
Then *Bagpipes* of the lowdest Drones,  
With snuffling broken-winded tones;  
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,  
Sound filthier then from the Gut,  
And make a viler noise than *Swine*  
In windy-weather, when they whine:  
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,  
Full fraught with that, which for good manners  
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*  
Which he dispenc'd among the *Swains*,  
And busily upon the Crowd,  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then mounted on a horned *Horse*,  
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-spurs*,

Ty'd

Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*,  
He held reverse the point turn'd downward.  
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,  
The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,  
And bore aloft before the *Champion*  
A *Petticoat* displaid, and Rampant ;  
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant  
Bestrid her *Beast*; and on the *Rump* on't  
Sate *Face to Tail*, and *Bum to Bum*,  
The *Warrior* whilome overcome ;  
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,  
Which as he rod, she made him twist off ;  
And when he loiter'd, o'r her shoulder,  
Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.  
Before the *Dame*, and round about,  
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,  
With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,  
In fit and proper equipages ;

Of whom, some Torch-bore, some Link,  
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,  
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*  
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Jones*  
And at fit Periods the whole Rout  
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.  
The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*  
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire,  
And *Hudibras* who us'd to ponder  
On such Sight, with judicious wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His *Animadversions*, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now  
I, ne'r saw so profane a *Show*.  
It is a *Paganish* invention,  
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:  
And he, who made it, had read *Goodwin*  
(I warrant him) and understood him:

With

With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows :  
That best describe those Antient Shows  
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*,  
We find describ'd by old *Historians*,  
For as a *Roman Conqueror*,  
That put an end to forrain War,  
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,  
Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot :  
So this insulting *Female Brave*,  
Carries behind her here, a *Slave*,  
And as the *Ancients* long ago,  
When they in field defy'd the foe,  
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guer* ;  
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,  
Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,  
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for a *Banner* :  
Next *Links*, and *Torches*, heretofore  
Still born before the *Emperor* :

And

And as in *Antique Triumphs*, Eggs  
Were born for mystical intregues ;  
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,  
That carries Eggs too, fresh or adle ;  
And still at random, as he goes,  
Among the Rabble-rout bestows:

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter ;  
For, all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,  
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of course,  
When the *Grey Mare's the better Horse*.  
When o'r the Breeches greedy *Women*  
Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,  
And in the cause *Impatient Grizel*  
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bulls Pizzle*,  
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,  
To turn her *Vassail* with a *Murrain* ;  
When *Wives* their *Sexes* shift, like *Hares*,  
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*,

And



And they in mortal *Battle* vanquish'd,  
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,  
And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,  
Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;  
For when men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,  
Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement,  
To be defeated by th' event;  
Not to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a *man* the worse,  
Although his shoulders, with *Batoon*,  
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;  
A *Tayler's* Prentise has no hard  
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:  
But to turn *Tayl*, or run away,  
And without blows give up the Day;

Or

Or to surrender e'r the *Assault*,  
That's no man's fortune but his fault :  
And renders men of *Honor* less,  
Then all th' *Adversity* of Success.  
And only unto such, this Shew  
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.  
There is a lesser *Profanation*,  
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*.  
For as *Ovation* was allow'd  
For *Conquest*, purchas'd without bloud,  
So men decree those lesser Shows,  
For *Vict'ry* gotten without Blows.  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
Give *Battle* with, and overcome ;  
These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,  
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,  
March proudly to the *River's* side,  
And o're the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride.  
Like *Dukes* of *Venice*, who are fed  
The *Adriatique* Sea to wed,

And

And have a gentler *Wife*, then those,  
For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.  
But both are *Heathenish*, and come  
From th' Whores of *Babylon* and *Rome*,  
And by the *Saints* should be withstood,  
As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,  
And we, as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost *Struglings* to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rod  
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,  
T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,  
Till they approach'd him, *breast to breast*.  
Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,  
Made signs for *Silence*, which obtain'd :

What means (quoth he) this dev'l's *Procession*  
With men of *Orthodox* profession?  
'Tis *Ethnique* and *Idolatrous*,  
From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride  
Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,  
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is  
A Type of her, or she of this?  
Are things of Superstitious *function*,  
Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?  
It is an *Antichristian Opera*,  
Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;  
A running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;  
To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,  
To whom the *Saints* are so beholding.  
Women, who were our first *Apostles*,  
Without whose aid w<sup>h</sup>ad all been lost else;  
*Women*, that left no stone unturn'd,  
In which the *Cause* might be concern'd:  
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,  
To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:

Their

Their Husbands *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,  
To take the *Saints* and *Churches* parts ;  
Drew several gifted *Brethren* in,  
That for the *Bishops* would have been,  
And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,  
With motives *powerful* and *heartly* :  
Their Husbands rob'd, and made hard shifts  
T' administer unto their *Guifts* ;  
All they could rap, and run, and pilfer,  
To scraps, and ends of Gold and Silver ;  
Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent,  
With holding forth for *Parliament* ;  
Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*  
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal ;  
Enabled them, with store of meat,  
On controverted *Points* to eat ;  
And cram'd 'em till their *guts* did ake,  
With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plum-cake*.

What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the *Cause* at *London*?  
March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,  
T' entrench the *City*, for defence in;  
Rais'd *Rampiers*, with their own soft hands,  
To put the *Enemy* to stands;  
From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-wenches*,  
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,  
Faln to their *Pick-axes*, and *Tools*,  
And help'd the men to dig like *Moles*?  
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,  
Chosen of their members a *Committee*?  
For raising of a *Common-Purse*,  
Out of their *Wages*, to raise *Horse*?  
And do they not as *Triers* sit,  
To judge what *Officers* are fit?  
Have they—? At that an *Egg*, let fly,  
Hit him directly o'r the eye,

And

And running down his Cheek, besmear'd  
With Orange-tawny-slime, his *Beard*;  
But *Beard*, and slime being of one Hue,  
The wound the less appear'd in view.  
Then he that on the *Panniers* rod,  
Let fly on th' other side a load;  
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
In *Ralpho's* face, another *Volley*.  
The *Knight* was startled with the smell,  
And for his *sword* began to feel :  
And *Ralpho* smother'd with the stink,  
Grasp'd his : when one that bore a *Link*,  
O' th' sudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,  
Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's touch-hole ;  
And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,  
Gave *Ralpho's*, o'r the eyes, a damn'd blow.  
The *Beasts* began to kick, and fling,  
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.

Through which they quickly broke their way,  
And brought them off from further fray;  
And though disorder'd in Retreat,  
Each of them stoutly kept his seat :  
For quitting both their *swords* and *rains*,  
They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*;  
And to avoid the *Foes* pursuit,  
With spurring put their Cattle to't,  
And till all four were out of wind,  
And danger too, ne'r look'd behind.  
After th'had paus'd awhile, supplying  
Their *spirits*, spent with fight and flying,  
And *Hndibras* recruited force,  
Of Lungs, for *action*, or *discourse* :  
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,  
That fouls his *hands* with durty foes :  
For where no *honor's* to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

'Twas



'Twas ill for us, we had to do  
With so dishonourable a Foe :  
For though the *Law of Arms* does bar  
The use of venom'd shot in *War*,  
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,  
Their *Cafe-shot* favours strong of *poison* ;  
And doubtless have been chewd with teeth  
Of some that had a *stinking breath* :  
Else when we put it to the push,  
They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
But as those *Pultroons* that sling durt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;  
So all the *Honor* they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at one.  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
A brave Retreat, without Pursuit ;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in Triumph led ;

Then which, the *Ancients* held no state  
Of Man's life more unfortunate.  
But if this bold *Adventure* e'r  
Do chance to reach the *Widdows* ear,  
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert  
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her heart.  
And as such homely Treats (they say)  
Portend good *fortune*, so this may.  
*Vespasian* being dawb'd with dirt,  
Was destin'd to the Empire for't:  
And from a Scavenger, did come  
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:  
And why may not this foul Address  
Presage in Love the same success?  
Then let us streight, to cleanse our wounds,  
Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;  
And after (as we first *design'd*)  
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoyn'd.

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## C A N T O III.

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### THE A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight with various doubts possess  
To win the Lady, goes in Quest  
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,  
To know the Destinies resolution ;  
With whom being met, they both chop Logick  
About the Science Astrologick.  
Till falling from Dispute, to Fight,  
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

---

**D**oubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*.  
As lookers-on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a *Juglers* slight ;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more th' admire his slight of hand.

Some

Some with a noise, and greasie light,  
Are snapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;  
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,  
As Noozes by the *legs* catch *Foul*.

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,  
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;  
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;  
So sweet as *Lawyers* in his *Bar-gown*.  
Until, with subtle Cobweb-cheats,  
Th'are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more th're tangled;  
And while their *Purses* can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
The Cabinet-designs of *Fate*,

Apply

Apply to *Wizards* to fore-see  
What shall, and what shall never be.  
And, as those *Vultors* do forebode,  
Believe Events prove *bad*, or *good*.  
A flamm more senseless than the Roguery  
Of old *Aruspicy* and *Angury*.  
That out of *Garbages* of Cattle,  
Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle*;  
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,  
Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon;  
Though *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,  
Then those that with the *Stars* do fribble.  
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew.  
For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,  
Being mounted on his *Steed* agen,  
(And *Ralpho* got a Cock-horse too  
Upon his *Beast*, with much ado)

Advanc'd

Advanc'd on for the *Widdows* House,  
T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows* ;  
When various *thoughts* began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to juggle.  
He thought what *danger* might accrue,  
If she should find he *swore* untrue:  
Or, if his *Squire*, or he should fail,  
And not be punctual in their *Tale* ;  
It might at once the ruine prove  
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow* ;  
And that he durst not now for shame  
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.  
This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,  
To pass *time*, and uneasy *trot*.

Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,  
I ne'r was set so on the *Tenters*,

Or

Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
That, every way I turn, does hem me,  
And with inextricable doubt,  
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about :  
For though the *Dame* has been my Bail,  
To free me from enchanted *Jail*:  
Yet as a *Dog* committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his *Clog* ; but all in vain,  
He still draws after him his *Chain*.  
So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,  
My *Heart* continues still committed.  
And like a *Bayl'd* and *Main-priz'd Lover*,  
Although at large, I am bound over.  
And when I shall appear in *Court*,  
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,  
Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,  
What will become of *Me* and *Love* ?

For,

For, if in our account we vary;  
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry;  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,  
To shew by evident Record,  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word:  
How can I e'r expect to have her,  
Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post*:  
Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent  
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;  
And justify I have a *Tayl*,  
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.  
Or that I could enucleate,  
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;  
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,  
How far the *Dest'nies* take my part;

For



For, if I were not more then certain,  
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,  
I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,  
To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship*.  
For though an *Oath* obliges not,  
Where any *thing* is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,  
And *sinful*, when men *swear* in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,  
That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,  
And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells;  
To whom all *People* far and near,  
On deep importances repair.  
When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,  
And *Linnen* slinks out of the way;  
When *Geese* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,  
And *Sows* of sucking *Pigs* are chews'd;

When

When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,  
 And need th' opinion of *Physician* ;  
 When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,  
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip* ;  
 When *Teast*, and outward means do *fail*,  
 And have no pow'r to work on *Ale* ;  
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,  
 And *Love* proves *Cross* and *humour some* :  
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,  
 They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*  
 I've heard of, and should like it well,  
 If thou canst prove, the *Saints* have freedom,  
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that :  
 Those *Principles* I quoted late,  
 Prove that the *Godly* may alledge  
 For any thing their *Priviledge* ;

And

And to the Dev'l himself may go,  
 If they have *motives* thereunto.  
 For as there is a *War* between  
 The Dev'l and *them*, it is no *Sin*,  
 If they, by subtle *Stratagem*,  
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.  
 Has not this present *Parliament*  
 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,  
 Fully impow'd to *Treat* about  
 Finding revolted *Witches* out:  
 And has not he within a year,  
 Hang'd threescore of em in one *shire*?  
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,  
 And some for sitting above ground,  
 Whole *days* and *nights*, upon their breeches  
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.  
 And some for putting *Knaveish Tricks*  
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey Chicks*,

Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast,  
 Of griefs unnatural, as he guest;  
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,  
 And made a Rod for his own breech.  
 Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*  
*Luther* in *Germany*, for certain;  
 And would have gull'd him with a *Trick*,  
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*.  
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge  
 At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church*?  
 Sing *Catches* to the *Saints* at *Mafion*,  
 And tell them all they came to ask him?  
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*?  
 And speak i' th' *Nun* at *London's Belly*?  
 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*  
 At *Woodstock*, on a *Parsonal Treaty*?  
 At *Sarnum* take a *Cavalier*  
 I' th' *Cause's* service, *Prisoner*?

As *Withers* in immortal *Rime*  
 Has register'd to after-time?  
 Do not our great *Reformers* use  
 This *Sidrophel* to forebode *News*?  
 To write of *Kickarries* next year,  
 And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air*  
 Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*  
 Sunk, two years hence, the last *Eclips*?  
 A Total Overthrow giv'n the *King*  
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse* and *Feet*, next *Spring*?  
 And has not he point-blank foretold  
 Whats'ere the close *Committee* would?  
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,  
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?  
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare?  
 Against the *Book* of *Common-Pray'r*?  
 The *Scorpion* take the *Præstestation*,  
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?

Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,  
Compound, and take the *Covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear;  
The *Saints* may 'mploy a *Conjuror*;  
As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*  
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens *Principles*, by what they do.  
Then let us *fairly* advance in quest  
Of this profound *Gymnosophist*;  
And as the *Fates*, and *He* advise,  
Pursue, or wave this *Enterprise*:  
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,  
And forthwith on th' adventure rid,  
Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,  
And to the *Conjuror* turn our stile:  
To let our *Reader* understand  
What's useful of him, before hand.

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,  
*Opticks*, *Philosophy*, and *Staticks*,  
*Magick*, *Horoscopia*, *Astrology*,  
And was *old Dog* at *Physiologie*;  
But, as a *Dog* that turns the spit,  
Bestirs himself, and plys his feet,  
To climb the *Wheel*; but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again:  
And still he's in the self-same place,  
Where at his setting out he was.  
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,  
Did he advance his nat'ral *Parts*;  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*;  
For, as those *Fowls* that live in *Water*  
Are never wet, he did but smatter;  
What e're he labour'd to appear,  
His understanding still was clear.

Yet

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Grosed*.  
 Th' *Intelligible world* he knew,  
 And all, men dream on't, to be true:  
 That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,  
 That has not there a Counterpart;  
 Nor can there on the *face* of *Ground*,  
 An Individual *Beard* be found,  
 That has not, in that *Forrain Nation*,  
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those are, in th' *Inferior World*.  
 H' had read *Dec's* Prefaces before  
 The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o're and o're,  
 And, all th' *Intregues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,  
*Jescus* and th' *Emperor*, would not tell ye.  
 But with the *Moön* was more familiar  
 Then e'r was *Almanack*, well-witter.



Her Secrets understood to clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there;  
 Knew when she was in fittest mood,  
 For cutting *Corns* or letting blood,  
 When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,  
 Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;  
 When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spade,  
 And in what Sign best *Sider's* made,  
 Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,  
 Best to sett *Garlick*, or *low Pease*,  
 Who first found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,  
 That to the *Ancients* was unkown,  
 How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,  
 Are in the *Planetary Spheres*;  
 Their *Airy Empire* and Command,  
 Their sev'ral strengths by *Sea* and *Land*;  
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
 In publick *Vogue*, and what in private.

With what *Designs* and *Interests*,  
 Each *Party* manages *Contests*.  
 He made an *Instrument* to know  
 If the *Moon* shine at full or no,  
 That would as soon as e're, she shon, streit  
 Whether 'twere *Day* or *Night* demonstrate;  
 Tell what her *Diameter* t' an inch is,  
 And prove she is not made of *Green Cheese*.  
 It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*  
*The Moon's* a *Sea Mediterranean*,  
 And that it is no *Dag*, nor *Bitch*,  
 That stands behind him at his breech;  
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*  
 With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,  
 How large a *Gulph* his *Tayl* composes,  
 And what a goodly *Bed* his *Nose* is;  
 How many *German Leagues* by th' scale,  
*Cape-Snout's* from *Promontory-Tayl*

He

He

He made a *Planetary Gin*  
Which *Rats* would run their own heads 'in,  
And come of purpose to be taken,  
Without th' expence of *Cheese* or *Bacon*;  
With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit  
Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat,  
Quote Moles and Spots, on any place  
O' th' body, by the *Index-face*;  
Detect lost *Maidenheads*, by sneezing,  
Or breaking wind, of *Dames*, or pissing.  
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application  
Of *Med'cines*, to th' *Imagination*.  
Fright *Agnes* into *Dogs*, and scare  
With *Rimes*, the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*.  
Chase evil *spirits* away by dint  
Of *Cickle Horsefhoose*, *Hollow-flint*.  
Spit fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,  
Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebel.

And

And

And fire a Mine in *China*, here  
 With Sympathetick *Gunpowder*.  
 He knew what's ever's to be known;  
 But much more then he knew, would own  
 What *Medicine* it was that *Paracelsus*  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us.  
 What figur'd *stars* are best to make,  
 On wat'ry surface, *Duck* or *Drake*.  
 What *Bowling-stones*, in running race  
 Upon a *Board*, have swiftest pace,  
 Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black  
 List, of a Dapled *Louse's* back  
 If *Systole* or *Diastole* move  
 Quickest, when he's in wrath, or love  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.  
 How many scores a *Flea* will jump,  
 Of his own length, from Head to Rump;

Which *Socrates*, and *Charephon*  
In vain, affaid so long ago;  
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,  
And not an Elephants *Proboscis*,  
How many different *Specieses*  
Of Maggots breed in Rotten Cheese,  
And which are next of kin to those,  
Engendred in a *Chaundler's* nose.  
Or those not seen, but understood,  
That live in *Vineger* and *Wood*,  
A paultry Wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
That him in place of *Zany* serv'd;  
Hight *Whacum*, bred to dash and draw,  
Not *Wine*, but more unwholsome *Law*:  
To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,  
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.  
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,  
Or cheat men of their words, some think;

From

From this, by merited degrees,  
He to more high Advancement rise:  
To be an Under-*Conjurer*,  
Or Journey-man *Astrologer*:  
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
And Men with their own Keys, unriddle.  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.  
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,  
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence  
And all *Discoveries* disperse,  
Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers*;  
What *Cutpurses* have left with them,  
For the right owners to redeem;  
And, what they dare not vent, find out,  
To gain Themselves, and th' *Art*, repute.  
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,  
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewel*, *Brakers Shops*.

Of Thieves *ascendent* in the *Cart*,  
 And find out all by rules of *Art*.  
 Which way a Serving-man that's run  
 With Cloaths or Money away, is gone:  
 Who pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*,  
 And where a *Watch*, for half the worth,  
 May be redeem'd; or Stollen Plate  
 Restor'd, at Conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this, He serv'd his *Master*,  
 In quality of *Poetaster*:  
 And *Rimes* appropriate could make,  
 To ev'ry month, in th' *Almanack*,  
 When *Terms* begin, and end, could tell,  
 With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.  
 When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,  
 And *Sowgelder*, with safety cuts.  
 When Men may Eat, and Drink, their fill,  
 And when be temp'rate, if they will.

When

When use, and when abstain from vice,  
*Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.*  
 And as in *Prisons*, mean Rogues beat  
*Hemp*, for the service of the Great;  
 So *Whacum* beat his durty brains,  
 T' advance his Masters Fame and Gains;  
 And like th' Devil's oracles,  
 Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his spells,  
 Which over every month's black-page  
 In th' *Almanack*, strange *Bills* preface.  
 He would an *Elegy* compose  
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;  
 In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on  
 His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden:  
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,  
 It pult him with *Poetick Rapture*,  
 His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal trold aloud,

That,



That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,  
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts,  
 A *Carman's* Horse could not paſs by,  
 But ſtood ty'd up to Poetry,  
 No Porter's Burthen paſt along,  
 But ſerv'd for Burthen to his Song,  
 Each Window like a Pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears  
 All Trades run in as to the fight  
 Of Monsters, or their dear delight,  
 The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Buſe,  
 Breeds buſ'neſs for *Hexick Verſe*,  
 Which none does hear, but would have hung  
 T' been the Theme of ſuch a Song,  
 Thoſe two together long had ſtand,  
 In *Maniſion* prudently contriv'd,  
 Where neither Tree, nor Houſe could hurt  
 The free detection of a Star,

And nigh an *Antient Obelisk*  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,  
 On which was written, not in words,  
 But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,  
 Many rare pithy *Saws* concerning  
 The worth of *Astrologick Learning* :  
 From top of this there hung a *Rope*,  
 To which he fastned *Telescopes*,  
 The *Spectacles* with which the *Saints*  
 He reads in *smallest Characters*,  
 It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,  
 Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,  
 The strangest long-wing'd *Hunk* that flies,  
 That like a *Bird of Paradise*  
 Or *Heraulds Martlet*, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs*;  
 His *Train* was fix yards long milk-white,  
 At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,  
 That far off like a *Star* did appear.  
 This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,  
 And with Amazement staring wide,  
*Bless* us, quoth he ! What dreadful wonder  
 Is that, appears in *heaven* yonder ?  
 A *Comet*, and without a *Beard* ?  
 Or *Star*, that ne'r before appear'd ?  
 I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scrawl*,  
 Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fish*, and *Fowl*,  
 With which, like *Indian Plantations*,  
 The Learned stock the *Constellations* :  
 Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have bin,  
 To th' *Houses*, where the *Planets* lan.  
 It must be supernaturall,  
 Unless it be that Cannon-Ball,  
 That, shot in th' *Air*, point-blank, upright,  
 Was born to that prodigious height,

That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,  
It ne'r came backwards, down again;  
But in the *Aery Region* yet,  
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*.  
For if it be above the Shade,  
That by the *Earth's* round bulk is made,  
'Tis probable, it may from far,  
Appear no Bullet but a Star.

This said, He to his Engine flew,  
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,  
And rais'd it, till it level'd right,  
Against the *Glow-worm* Tayl of *Kite*.  
Then peeping through, (*Bless* us quoth he)  
It is a *Planet* now I see;  
And if I err not, by his proper  
*Figure*, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,  
It should be *Saturn*; yes 'tis clear?  
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there?

He's

He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,  
And further leg behind, o' th' *Whale*;  
Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal Omen,  
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,  
And can no less then the *World's* end,  
Or *Natures* funeral portend.  
With that, He fell again to pry  
Through *Perspective*, more wistfully,  
When by mischance, the fatal string  
That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,  
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,  
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought  
H' had level'd at a Star, and hit it:  
But *Sidrophel* more suble-witted,  
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,  
Portent is this, to see a Star fall;  
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom  
Will not be long before it come.

When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,  
 The *Day of Judgement's* not far off:  
 As lately 't was reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,  
 And some of us find out by *Magick*.  
 Then, since the time we have to live,  
 In this *world's* shortned, Let us strive,  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This Feat fell out, not long before  
 The *Knight* upon the forenam'd score,  
 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,  
 Was now in prospect of the *Mansion* :  
 Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,  
 And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

*Whachum* ( quoth he ) look yonder ; some  
 To try, or use our Art, are come :  
 The one's the Learned *Knight* ; seek out,  
 And pump 'em, what they come about.

*Whachum*

*Whachum* advanc'd, with all submissness,  
T' accost 'em, but much more, their bus'ness.  
He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*  
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,  
And taking from his hand, the Bridle,  
Approach'd, the dark *Squire* to unriddle,  
He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
And welcom'd him, *as he might say*:  
He ask'd them whence they came, and whither  
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;  
Did you not lose—? Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;  
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way,  
Your *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,  
And pains intolerable doth suffer,  
For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,  
Nor Lights nor Lungs, and so forth downwards.  
What time—Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long,  
Three years it off and on, has hung—

Quoth He, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.  
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.  
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *Art*,  
Tels me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,  
Or great *Estate* — Quoth *Ralph*, a *Joynter*,  
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her,  
Mean while the *Knight* was making water,  
Before he fell upon the matter;  
Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,  
To give him suitable Reception;  
But kept his bus'ness at a Bay,  
Till *Whachum* put him in the way:  
Who having now by *Ralpho*'s light,  
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,  
And what he came to know, drew near,  
To whisper in the *Conjurers* ear.  
Which he prevented thus: What was't  
Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before



Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?  
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retri'd,  
In opposition with *Mars*,  
And no benigne friendly Stars  
T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!  
In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No:  
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?  
One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.  
'Tis well, quoth he—Sir you'l excuse  
This rudeness, I am forc'd to use,  
It is a *Scheme*, and face of *Heaven*  
As th' *Aspects* are dispos'd, this *Even*,  
I was contemplating upon,  
When you arriv'd: but now I've done.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear  
Unseasonable in coming here  
At such a time, to interrupt  
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd

Assistance, from and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.

By no means Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,  
The Stars your coming did foretel:  
I did expect you here, and know,  
Before you speak, your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe're  
You tell me after, on your word,  
Howe're unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widdow*.  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you;  
And for three years has rid your *Wit*  
And *Passion* without drawing *Bit*:  
And now your bus'ness is, to know  
If you shall carry her, or no.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,  
But how the *Devil* you come by't,

I can't

I can't imagine; for the *Stars*  
I'm sure, can tell no more then a *Horse*,  
Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore  
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
Then th' *Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,  
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*,  
But if the *Devil's* of your Counsel,  
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,  
And 'tis on his Accompt I come,  
To know from you my fatal Doom:

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,  
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take the *Alarm*,  
Your bus'ness is, but to inform,  
But if it be; 'tis ne'r the near,  
You have a *wrong* Sow by th' Ear,  
For I assure you, for my part,  
I only deal by *Rules of Art*,

Such

Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of *Astrology* :  
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,  
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, What ever others deem ye  
I understand your *Metonymie* ;  
Your words of second hand intention,  
When things by wrongful names you mention,  
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,  
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,  
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,  
And that is, down-right *Conjuring* :  
And in its self more warrantable,  
Then *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,  
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,  
Which by confederacy are done.  
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont  
To make her from her Sphere dismount,

And to their *Incantations* stoop,  
They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,  
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
To find out cloudy, or fair weather,  
Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,  
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,  
As you your self—Then friend I doubt  
You go the furthest way about,  
Your Modern *Indian Magician*  
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in,  
And streit resolves all Questions by't,  
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
The *Rosy-crucian* way's more sure,  
To bring the Devil to the Lure,  
Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,  
To catch *Intelligences* in.  
Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'em,  
As *Dunstan* did the Devil's Grannum.

Others

Others with *Characters* and *Words*,  
 Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*,  
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,  
 Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks.  
 With their own influences, will fetch 'em,  
 Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;  
 Make 'em depose, and answer to  
 All *Questions*, e're they let them go.  
*Bumbastus*, kept a *Devil's Bird*  
 Shut in the Pommel of his Sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning Pranks,  
 Of past, and future *Mountebanks*.  
*Kelly* did all his Feats upon  
 The Devil's *Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,  
 Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*  
 He solv'd all *Problems* ne'r so deep.  
*Agrippa* kept a *Stygian-Pug*,  
 I th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,

That

That was his *Tutor* ; and the *Curr*  
 Read to th' Occult *Philosopher*,  
 And taught him subtly to maintain  
 All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,  
*Agrippa* was no *Conjurer*,  
 Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman*;  
 Nor was the Dog a *Cacodemon*,  
 But a true Dog, that would shew tricks,  
 For th' *Emperor*, and leap o're sticks;  
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
 Than other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil ;  
 And whatsoe'r he's said to do,  
 He went the self-same way we go.  
 As for the *Rosie-cross Philosophers*,  
 Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*;  
 What they pretend to, is no more,  
 Than *Trismegistus* did before,

*Pythagoras*

*Pythagoras*, old *Zoroaster*,  
 And *Appollonius* their Master;  
 To whom they do confess they owe,  
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas What is 't to us,  
 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus* :  
 If it be *nonsense*, *false*, or *mystick*,  
 Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistick*.  
 'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,  
 That makes *truth truth*, altho *time's daughter* ;  
 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,  
 Before he pull'd her out of it.  
 And as he eats his *Sons*, just so  
 He feeds upon his *Daughters* too !  
 Nor do's it follow, cause a *Herault*  
 Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old,  
 To be descended of a Race,  
 Of ancient *Kings* in a small space ;

That



That we should all Opinion hold  
*Authentick*, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part  
Of prudence, to cry down an *Art*;  
And what it may perform deny,  
Because you understand not *Why*.  
• (As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,  
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*)  
For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,  
But on their sides, or rising's feat;  
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*  
Relate miraculous prefages,  
Of strange turns in the *World's* affairs,  
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Soothsayers*,  
*Chaldeans*, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,  
And some that have writ *Almanacks*?

The

The *Median* Emp'rour dreamt, his Daughter  
 Had pift all *Aſia* under water;  
 And that a *Vine*, ſprung from her *hanches*,  
 O'reſpread his *Empire*, with its branches;  
 And did not *ſoothſayers* expound it,  
 As after by th' event he found it?  
 When *Cæſar* in the Senate fell,  
 Did not the Sun eclips'd foretell,  
 And in reſentment of his ſlaughter,  
 Look'd pale, for almoſt a year after?  
*Auguſtus* having, b' oversight,  
 Put on his Left Shooe, 'fore his Right,  
 Had like to have been ſlain that day,  
 By *Souldiers* mutining for pay.  
 Are there no myriads of this ſort,  
 VVhich Stories of all times report?  
 Is it not ominous in all *Countreys*,  
 VVhen *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?

The *Roman Senate*, 'when within  
 The City-walls an *Owl* was seen,  
 Did cause their *Clergy* with *Lustrations*  
 (Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*?)  
 The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert  
 From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt:  
 And if an *Owl* have so much pow'r,  
 Why should not *Planets* have much more?  
 That in a *Region*, far above  
 Inferior fowls of the *Air*, move,  
 And should see further, and fore-know,  
 More then their *Augury* below,  
 Though that once serv'd the *Polity*  
 Of mighty States to govern by;  
 And this is that we take in hand,  
 By pow'rful *Art* to understand.  
 Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages  
 Can speak th' *Events* of our presages,

Have we not lately in the *Moon*  
 Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?  
 Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*  
 And *Magellan* could never compass?  
 Made Mountains with our *Tubes*, appear  
 And Cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lye so ope,  
 That I, without a *Telescope*,  
 Can find your Tricks out, and descry  
 Where you tell truth, and where you lye.  
 For *Anaxagoras*, long ago,  
 Saw Hills, as well as you i' th' *Moon*,  
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece  
 Of Red-hot-Ir'n, as big as *Greece*,  
 Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,  
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;  
 And, rather then he would recant  
 Th' *opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But

But what, alas, is it to us,  
 Whether in the *Moon*, men thus, or thus,  
 Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,  
 Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?  
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance  
 But what we nearer have from *France*?  
 What can our *Travellers* bring home  
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?  
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,  
 That are not in our own *Dominions*?  
 What *Science* can be brought from thence,  
 In which we do not here *Commence*?  
 What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,  
 That are not in our Native *Regions*?  
 Are sweating *Lant-horns*, or *Screen-Fans*  
 Made better there, then th' are in *France*?  
 Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*  
 O' th' *Gittarr* there a newer way?

Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit  
The *Publick Humour*, with less *Wit*?  
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*,  
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?  
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,  
And wear a huger *Rerwig*,  
Shew in his *Gate*, or *Face*, more tricks  
Then our own *Native Lunaticks*?  
But if w' out-do him here at home,  
What good of your design can come?  
As *wind* in the *Hypocondries* pent  
Is but a blast if downward sent;  
But if it upwards chance to fly  
Becoms new *Light* and *Prophecy*:  
So when your *Speculations* tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Although they promise strange and great,  
*Discoveries* of things far fet,

They

They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*  
 And favor strongly of the *Ganzas*,  
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,  
 Why on a *Sign*, no *Painter* draws  
 The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,  
 Resolve that with your *Jacobs-staff*;  
 Or why *Wolves* raise a Hubbub at her,  
 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water;  
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,  
 You may know something more remote.

At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,  
 And staring round with *Owl-like* Eies:  
 He put his face into a posture  
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster,  
 For having three times shook his Head  
 To stir his wit up, thus he said.

*Art* has no mortal enemies  
 Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;

Those Consecrated Geese in Orders,  
 That to the *Capitol* were *Warders* :  
 And being then upon *Petrol*  
 With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.  
 Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,  
 That will not credit their own *Souls* ;  
 Or any *Science* understand,  
 Beyond the reach of Eye, or Hand :  
 But meas'ring all things by their own  
 Knowledge, hold, Nothing's to be known :  
 Those whose-fale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-*  
*Houses*, cry down all *Philosophy*.  
 And will not know, upon what ground  
 In *Nature*, we our *doctrine* found ;  
 Although with pregnant evidence,  
 We can demonstrate it to sence.  
 As I just now have done to you,  
 Foretelling what you came to know,  
 C & A

Were



Were the *Stars* only made to light  
Robbers and Burglars by night?  
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,  
And *Lovers* solacing behind *Dores*?  
Or giving one another Pledges  
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?  
Or *Witches simpling*, and on *Gibbets*  
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets?  
Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears  
Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers?  
Only to stand by and look on,  
But not know what is said, or done?  
Is there a *Constellation* there,  
That was not born, and bred up here?  
And therefore cannot be to learn,  
In any inferior Concern,  
Were they not, during all their lives,  
Most of 'em *Pirats*, *Whores*, and *Thieves*?

And it is like they have not still  
In their old *Practises* some skill?  
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*  
Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?  
And therefore probably must know  
What is, and hath been, done below?  
Who made the *Ballance*, or whence came  
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?  
Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg  
Make *Berenice's Periwig*?  
Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?  
Or who made *Cassiopea's Chair*?  
And therefore as they came from hence,  
With us may hold *Intelligence*.  
*Plato* deny'd, The *World* can be  
Govern'd without *Geometree*,  
(For Money b'ng the common Scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale;

In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State*,  
 'Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight* : )  
 Then much less can it be without  
 Divine *Astrology* made out,  
 That puts the other down in worth,  
 As far as *Heaven's* above *Earth*.

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant  
 Are something more significant  
 Then any that the *Learned* use,  
 Upon this *subject* to produce ;  
 And yet, th' are far from satisfactory  
 T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.  
 The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice  
 Shifted his *setting*, and his *rise*;  
 Twice has he risen in the *West*,  
 As many times, sett in the *East* ;  
 But whether that be true, or no,  
 The *Devil* any of you know.

Some

Some hold, the *Heavens* like a *Top*,  
Are kept by *Circulation* up;  
And 't were not for their wheeling round,  
They'd instantly fall to the ground:  
As sage *Empedocles* of old,  
And from him *Modern* Authors hold,  
*Plato* believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,  
Below all other *Planets* run,  
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat  
Above the *Sun* himself in height,  
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd  
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,  
That in *Twelve* hundred years, and odd,  
The *Sun* had left his antient Road,  
And nearer to the *Earth*, is come  
'Bove *Fifty* thousand miles from home:  
Swore 'twas a most notorious *Flam*,  
And he that had so little Shame

To vent such *Fopperies* abroad;  
 Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd;  
 Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore  
 That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,  
 That durst upon a *truth* give doom,  
 He knew less then th' *Pope* of *Rome*,  
*Cardac* believ'd, Great States depend  
 Upon the tip o' th' *Bears* Tails end;  
 That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,  
 Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;  
 Which others say must needs be false,  
 Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.  
 Some say, the *Zodiack-Constellations*  
 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations  
 Above a *Sign*; and prove the same,  
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*;  
 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,  
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;

Then

Then how can their *effects* still hold  
To be the same they were of old.  
This, though the *Art* were true, would make  
Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake ;  
And is one cause they tell more lies,  
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,  
Thenth' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,  
In so many hundred thousand years ;  
Beside their Nonsense in translating,  
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*.  
Like *Idus* and *Calendæ* Englisht  
The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguist.  
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*  
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ;  
Make Fools believe in their fore-seeing  
Of things, before they are in Being ;  
To swallow *Gudgeons*, ere th' are catch'd,  
And count their *Chickens*, ere th' are hatch'd,

Make

Make them the *Constellations* prompt,  
And give 'em back their own accompt:  
But still the Best to him that gives,  
The best price for't, or best believes.  
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some for brevity,  
Have cast the Vernal World's *Nativity*,  
And made the Infant-Stars confess,  
Like Fools or Children, what they please:  
Some calculate the hidden fates  
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy Dogs*, and *Cats*,  
Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*;  
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;  
Some take a measure of the lives  
Of *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Husbands*, *Wives*,  
Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,  
Tell who is barren, and who fertile,  
As if the *Planet's* first aspect  
The tender Infant did infect

In *Soul* and *Body*, and instill  
 All future good, and future ill:  
 Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,  
 At destin'd Periods fall a working;  
 And break out like the hidden seeds  
 Of long diseases into deeds,  
 In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,  
 And all th' emergencies of Life:  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The *World*, but he has done his do,  
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*,  
 That cures, or kills a man that is Sick;  
 Marry'd his punctual dose of *Wives*,  
 Is Cuckolded, and Breaks, or Thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a *star*  
 Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,  
 A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,  
 A huffing officer and a *Slave*



A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,  
 A great Philosopher and a Blockhead,  
 A formal Preacher and a Player,  
 A Learn'd Physician and Man-slayer.  
 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
 Old-age, Diseases, and ill-luck,  
 Wit, Folly, Honor, Virtue, Vice,  
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps and Dice,  
 And draw with the first Air they breath,  
 Battle, and Murther, sudden Death,  
 Are not these fine Commodities,  
 To be imported from the Skies?  
 And vended here among the Rabble,  
 For staple Goods, and warrantable?  
 Like Money by the Druids borrow'd,  
 In th' other World to be restor'd.

Quoth Sidrophel, to let you know  
 You wrong the Art and Artists too:

Since

Since Arguments are lost on those  
 That do our *Principles* oppose;  
 I will (although I've don't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you  
 What you perhaps forget, besel you;  
 By way of *Horary* inspection,  
 Which some account our worst erection,  
 With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*  
 With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters*;  
 Then looks 'em o're, to understand 'em,  
 Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random:

Quoth He! This *scheme* of th' Heavens set  
 Discovers how in fight you met  
 At *Kingston* with a *Maypole Idol*,  
 And that y' were bang'd, both back and side well  
 And though you overcame the *Bear*,  
 The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair*;

Where

Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,  
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive,  
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave,  
That *Poultry-story* is untrue,  
And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true, quoth he? how e'r you vapor,  
I can, what I affirm, make appear;  
*Whacuum* shall justify 't t' your face,  
And prove he was upon the place:  
He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,  
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*,  
He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,  
Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:  
And what you lost, I can produce  
If you deny it, here i' th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,  
That Argument's *Demonstrative*;

*Ralpho*, bear witness, and go fetch us  
 A *Constable* to seize the Wretches:  
 For though th' are both false *Knaves*, and *Cheats*,  
*Impostors*, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,  
 As true, as e're were us'd by *Brick-layers*,  
 They're guilty, by their own Confessions,  
 Of *Felony*; and at the *Sessions*  
 Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,  
 That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*  
 Shall make all *Taylor's* yards, of one  
 Unanimous Opinion:  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,  
 To find friends, that will bear me out:  
 Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,  
 And Neck, so long on the *State's* part,

To

To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,

By which a *Brahgadocchio* Huffer.

*Huffer*, quoth *Hudibras* ? This sword  
Shall down thy false throat, Cram that word,

*Ralpho*, make haste, and call an Officer

To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister ;

Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,

Lest He and *Whackum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' Aspect  
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect

A Figure worse portending far,

Then that of most malignant Star :

Believ'd it now the fittest moment,

To shun the danger that might come on't,

While *Hudibras* was all alone,

And he and *Whackum*, two to one ;

This being resolv'd, He spy'd by chance,

Behind the Dore, an Iron Lance,

Became

That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,  
 And Legs, and Loyns, and Shoulders bor'd.  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,  
 To make his way through *Hudibras*.  
*Whachum* had got a Fire-Fork,  
 With which he vow'd to do his Work:  
 But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard.  
 He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust  
 And in, right manfully, he rush'd,  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.  
*Whachum* his Seacole-Prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly.  
 But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch  
 As quick as Lightning, in the Breech.  
 Just in the place, where *Honor's* lodg'd,  
 As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;

Because

Because a kick in that part more  
Hurts *Honor*, then deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine  
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine.  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know, foretel?  
By this, what Cheats you are, we find,  
That in your own Concerns are blind:  
Your Lives are now at my dispose,  
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:  
But who his Honor would defile,  
To take, or sell, two lives so Vile?  
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*  
The Conqu'ring Warri'ers *Crop* and *Tillage*,  
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;  
That mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell  
To romaging of *Sidrophel*.

First, He expounded both his Pockets,  
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings* and *Locketts*,  
 Which had been left with him, t' erect  
 A *Figure* for, and so detect.  
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*,  
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,  
 Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's Sarah Jimmers*,  
 And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nimmers*;  
 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napiers bones*,  
 And several *Constellation-stones*,  
 Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,  
 That over *Mortals* had strange powers  
 To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*;  
 And stab, or poyson, to evade;  
 In *Wit*, or *Wisdom* to improve,  
 And be victorious in *Love*.  
*Whachum* had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,  
 His *Plunder* was not worth the while;



All which the *Conqu'ror* did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his Rump.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks,  
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,  
Streight cast about to over-reach,  
Th' unwary *Conqu'ror* with a fetch,  
And make him glad, (at least) to quit  
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,  
Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkness*  
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass.  
And, as a *Fox*, with hot pursuit,  
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about  
To save his credit, and among  
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;  
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,  
Escap'd ('by counterfeiting Death')  
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*  
Of *Atoms* jostling in his Brain,

As learn'd *Philosophers* give out :  
So *Sidrophello* cast about,  
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,  
To feign himself in earnest slain,  
First, stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
And seeming in his Breast to smother,  
A broken Sigh ; Quoth He, Where am I,  
Alive, or Dead ? Or which way came I  
Through so immense a space so soon ?  
But now, I thought my self in th' *Moon* ;  
And that a *Monster* with huge *Whiskers*,  
More formidable then a *Switzers*,  
My body through, and through had drill'd,  
And *Whackum* by my side, had kill'd,  
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,  
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;  
Look there he is, I see him now,  
And feel the Plate I am run through,

And

And there lies *Whachum* by my side,  
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.  
 Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Grone*,  
 And fell again into a swoon.  
 Shut both his *Eies*, and stop'd his *Breath*,  
 And to the *Life*, out-acted *Death*.  
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,  
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.  
 He held it now, no longer safe,  
 To tarry the return of *Raph*;  
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch*,  
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,  
 Refus'd to give himself one *firk*,  
 To carry on the *Publick work*,  
 Despis'd our *Synod-men* like *Durt*,  
 And made their *Discipline* his *Sport*;  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*,  
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *High Places*;

Disparag'd their *Tith-Pigs*, as *Pagan*;  
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;  
Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd  
Their rev'rend *Parsons* to my *Beard*,  
For all which *Scandals* to be quit,  
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fir:  
I'll make him henceforth, to beware,  
And tempt my fury, if he dare:  
He must (at least) hold up his hand,  
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scan'd,  
Who by their skill in *Palmistry*  
Will quickly read his *Destiny*;  
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,  
Or take a turn for't at the *Session*:  
Unless his *Light*, and *Gifts* prove truer,  
Then ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he scape with *Whipping* now,  
'Tis more then he can hope to do,

And

And that will disengage my *Conscience*,  
Of th' *Obligation*, in his own sense:  
I'll make him now by force abide,  
What he by gentle means deny'd,  
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,  
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.  
This being resolv'd with equal speed,  
And *Conduct*, he approach't his *Steed*;  
And with *Activity* unwont,  
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;  
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,  
To get from the th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;  
Left *Danger*, *Fears*, and *Foes* behind  
And beat, at least three lengths, the *Wind*.

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AN  
*Heroical* EPISTLE  
 OF  
**HUDIBRAS.**  
 TO  
**SIDROPHEL.**

*Ecce iterum Crispinus* —

**W**ELL! *Sidrophel*, though 'tis in vain  
 To tamper with your Crazy Brain,  
 Without Treppanning of your Scull,  
 As often as the *Moon's* at Full:

'Tis not amiss, e're y' are giv'n o're,  
 To try one desp'rate Med'cine more:

For

For where your Case can be no worse,  
The desp'r at't is the wisest course.  
Is't possible, that you, whose Ears  
Are of the Tribe of *Issachars*  
And might (with equal Reason) either  
For Merit, or extent of Leather,  
With *William Prym's*, before they were  
Retrench'd, and Crucify'd, compare,  
Should yet be deaf against a noise  
So roaring as the Publick voice?  
That speaks your Virtues free, and loud,  
And openly in ev'ry croud.  
As loud as one that sings his part  
T' a Wheelbarrow, or Turnip Cart,—  
Or your New Nicknam'd old Invention  
To cry *Green-Hastings* with an Engine.  
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)  
And

And 'cause your Folly's now no news  
 But over-grown and out of use,  
 Perswade your self there's no such matter,  
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,  
 When Folly, as it grows in years  
 The more extravagant appears.  
 For who but you could be posselt  
 With so much Ignorance, and Beast,  
 That neither all mens Scorn, and Hate,  
 Nor being Laugh'd and Pointed at,  
 Nor bray'd so often in a Morter,  
 Can teach you wholsome Sense, and Nurture?  
 But (like a Reprobate) what course  
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
 Can no Transfusion of the Blood,  
 That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?  
 Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurle  
 To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,

Put



of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 333

Put you into a way, at least,  
To make your self a better Beast?  
Can all your critical Intrigues  
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs,  
Your several Newfound Remedies,  
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees,  
Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,  
And Purging their infected *saps*,  
Recov'ring Shankers, Chryssalines,  
And Nodes and Bitches in their Rindes  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,  
But still it must be lewdly bent  
To tempt your own due punishment?  
And like your whimsey'd Chariots draw  
The Boys to course you without Law?  
As if the Art you have so long  
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,

In you had Virtue to renew  
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.  
Can you, that understand all Books  
By Judging only with your Looks,  
Resolve all Problems with your Face  
As others do with B's, and A's,  
Unriddle all that Mankind knows  
With solid bending of your Brows,  
All Arts and Sciences advance,  
With screwing of your Countenance,  
And with a penetrating Eye,  
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,  
Know more of any Trade b'a Hint,  
Then those that have been bred up in't,  
And yet have no Art true, or false  
To help your own bad Naturals?  
But still the more you strive t' appear,  
Are found to be the wretcheder.

For

For Fools are known by looking wise.  
 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eies.  
 Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd, o'th' Colledge,  
 A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent Repute,  
 Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute  
 To Judge and Censure, and Controll,  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More then your Dividend comes to,  
 You'll find the thing will not be done,  
 With Ignorance, and Face alone :  
 No though y' have purchas'd to your Name,  
 In History so great a Fame,  
 That now your Talent's so well known,  
 For having all Belief outgrown ;  
 That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale  
 Is measur'd by your *German Scale*,—

By which the *Virtuosi* try  
 The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye  
 Cast up to what it does amount:  
 And place the big'ft to your account.  
 That all those Stories that are laid  
 Too truly to you, and those made,  
 Are now still charg'd upon your score;  
 And leffer Authors nam'd no more.  
 Alas that Faculty destroys  
 Those soonest; it designs to raise  
 And all your vain Renown will spoil,  
 As Guns o're-charg'd the more recoyl;  
 Though he that has but Impudence  
 To all things has a fair Pretence  
 And put among his wants, but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim;  
 Though you have try'd that nothing's born  
 With greater ease than Publique Scorn;

That

That all affronts do still give Place  
To your Impenetrable Face;  
That makes your way through all affairs,  
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs:  
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit and Brass  
You must not think 'twill always pass  
For all Impostors, when they'r known,  
Are past their Labor, and undone.  
And all the best that can befall  
An Artificial Natural,  
Is that which Madmen find, as soon  
As oneth' are broke loose from the Moon  
And proof against her Influence,  
Relaps to ere so little Sense  
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit  
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.



# Annotations

## TO THE SECOND PART.

But now t' observe, &c.

**T**He beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written of purpose, in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV Book of his *Æneides* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd ( like Cases in Law ) by Precedents, or else they are in the power of the Critique.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Countrey-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his Spenatick,  
And testy Courfiers with a kick.

*Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede talium Licuosis medebatur* L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

*Catasta* is but a pair of Stocks in English, But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of poultry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import forrain words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made *St. Francis* do, &c.

The antient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

This made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*.

The History of *Pasiphaë* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it,

it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Countrey being an Island, he was within the four Seas, when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary *Albertus*.

*Albertus Magnus* was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*,

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

*Pliny* in his *Natural History* affirms that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Petrum. Lib. 2.*

As Fryer *Bacon's* Noddle was.

The Tradition of *Frier Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange then what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like some *Indians* Skulls, so tough,

That Authors say th'are Musket-proof.

~~And like~~ *Indians*, among whom (the same Authors affirm) there are others, whose Skulls are so tough, *ut Bala perforari possint.*



## Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

*Jupiters Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona. Ubi Nemus erat Jovis sacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonei Templum fuisse narratur.*

## Semiramis of Babylon.

*Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima. Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces ( as another Queen did a Bull ) But that perhaps may be the reason, why she after thought Men not worth the while.*

## For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this story of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavors to make good, by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

## A Persian Emp'or whip'd his Grannum.

*Xerxes who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. In corum, atque Eurum solitus seviré Flagellis. Juven. Sat. 10.*

## So the antient Stoicks in their Porch.

*In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditio- nibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Civés interfecit sum.*

Diog.

Diog. Laert. in *vita Zenonis*. p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, then the Modern, who seldom improve higher then Cussing, and kicking.

That *Bonum* is an Animal.

*Bonum* is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi* from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmills under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again,

—In a Town

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

This History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchange'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to declare,

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot

— *Es sibi Consul,*

*Ne placeat, currum servus portatur eodem.* Juven. Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles *Della-Gues*.

*Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra*  
Pra-

*Prætorium poni quasi admonitio & indicium future  
Pugne.* Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

### Next Links and Torchés, &c.

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torchés  
born before them ( by day ) in publick, appears by  
*Herodian in Pertinace.* Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

### Vespasian being daub'd with Durt

*C. Cæſar ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhi-  
bitam, Luto juffit oppleri, congeſto per milites in prætextæ  
finem,* Sueton in Veſpaſ. Ca. 5.

### Has not this preſent Parliament, A Ledger to the Devil ſent ?

The Witchfinder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian  
times had a Commiſſion to diſcover Witches, ( of  
whom ( right or wrong ) he cauſ'd 60 to be hang'd  
within the compaſs of one year, and among the reſt an  
old Miniſter, who had been a painful Preacher for ma-  
ny years,

### Did he not help the Dutch to purge, At Antwerp their Cathedral Church ?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the com-  
mon people of *Antwerp* in a tumult, broke open the  
Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines:  
and did ſo much miſchief in a ſmall time, that *Strada*  
writes, There were ſeveral Devils ſeen very buſy a-  
mong them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

Sing

Sing Catches to the Saints at *Mascon*.

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoones upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things, which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoires*, written in *French*.

Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*,  
And speak i'th' Nun at *London's Belly*.

The History of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, published by *Mer. Causabon, Isac. Fil.* Prebend of *Camberbury*, has a large account of all those Passages; in which the stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her tricks have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee  
At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal Treaty:

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the Kings House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At *Sarum* took a Cavalier.

*Withers* has a long story in *Doggerel*, of a Soldier of the Kings Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drink-

drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

Since old *Hodg-Bacon*,

*Roger Bacon*, commonly called *Frier Bacon*; liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjuror, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grossthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason, suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Premunire*, for offering to sue in a Forraign Court.

Which *Socrates*, and *Charephon*

In vain assay'd so long agone.

*Aristophanes* in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Charephon*, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the ones Beard to the others.

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtle*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

Unless it be that Cannon-ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Forreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blanc against the  
the

the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark ; but *Des-Cartes* was of opinion, That it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to *Sedgwyck*.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Persons ( and some of Quality ) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sedgwyck*.

Your Modern *Indian* Magician.

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by *Monfieur Le Blanc* ( in his Travels ) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

*Bumbastus* kept a Devils Bird, &c,

*Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small Devil pris'ner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink ; Howsoever it was to better purpose then *Annibal* carry'd poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honor of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

*Agrippa* kept a *Stygian* Pug.

*Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog, that was suspected to be a Spirit

Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought ; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog, from that aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick.

*Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit.* Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.

*Astyages* King of Media had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Persian* of mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Asia*, and translated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. Herodot. L. 2.

When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell.

*Fiunt aliquando Prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo,* Plin.

*Augustus* having b' oversight, &c.

*Divus Augustus Lavum sibi prodidit calcem præpostere indatum, quo die seditione Militum propè afflictiis est,*  
Idem. Lib. 2.

The Roman Senate when within,  
The City Walls an Owl was seen.

*Romani L. Crasso & C. Maria Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.*

For

For *Anaxagoras* long ago,  
Saw Hills as well as you i' th' Moon.

*Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem Candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponesso majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se Habere, & Colles, & valles Fertur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse Compositum; Damnatus & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie, Solem Candentem laminam esse dixisset. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.*

The *Ægyptians* say, the Sun has twice  
Shifted his Setting and his Rise.

*Ægyptii Decem millia Anorum, & amplius, recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum & Occasuum solis; ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.*

Some hold the Heavens like a Top.  
Are kept by Circulation up.

*Causa quare Cælum non Cadit, (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus. Comment in L. 2. Aristot. de Cælo.*

*Plato* believ'd the Sun and Moon  
Below all other Planets run.

*Plato Solem & Lunam Cæteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Cannin. in Cosmogr. L. 1. p. 11.*

The



The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

*Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apſida Terris eſſe propiorem, quam Ptolomæi etate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terre ſemidiametris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.*

Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.

*Putat Cardannus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices ſeu Majoris uſc omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem. p. 325.*

Then th' old Chaldean Conjurers

In ſo many hundred thouſand years

*Chaldei jactant ſe quadringenta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe. Cicero.*

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

*Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Poſteriore vita redituri. Patricius Tom. 2, p. 97.*

That poultry ſtory is untrue  
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Ideot ( that is here deſcrib'd by the Name and Character of *Whacbum* ) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the Pillory, for Forging other

other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whacbum*, no doubt deserv'd ; in whose abominable Doggerel, This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brensford-Fair*, is as properly describ'd.

That the vibration of this Pendulum,  
Shall make all Taylors Yards, of one  
Unanimous opinion.

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. ( that should have its foundation in Nature ) all the world over : For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating ( by the motion of the Sun, or any Star ) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum ; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time : So that if a man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or Taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiously.

F I N I S.

